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THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

A FAMILY WEEKLY PERIODICAL---Devoted to Literature, Science, Mechanics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, Education, Finance, Amusements, &c.---INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

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DEJECTION.

Dedicated to my Cousin, F. W Garber, on the loss of his son, Charles Henry Garber, died Sept. 20, 1862.

BY C. H. GARBER.

September's chills have changed the leaves
To musty green and gray,
The Swallows, gathering on the eaves,
Begin their autumn lay.
Begin to sing, begin to cry,
As Summer flowers begin to die.

The broad, broad fields are brown and bare;
But the big barns are filled;
And countless blessings still declare
That good our God has willed.
Earth yields her fruits and God is good,
Though harvest fields run human blood.

Dejection haunts me night and day,
In crowded streets, alone:
I may not curse, and if I pray
It will not reach the Throne.
There's so much dust 'twixt Heaven and me,
God might not hear, He may not see.

I know 'tis wrong, but I have been
A murmurer all my days;
Took not the road the most walked in,
But took uncommon ways.
Boys looked on me with queer surprise,
And men would turn away their eyes.

Yet I am like the rest—a bark
Upon a stormy sea,
Heeling and plunging in the dark,
And striving to be free
From Earth, from self, and all but sin
That holds us down and hems us in.

Dejection I might bind, and rise,
If I could always think
The grave a passage to the skies
And freedom on its brink.
What are the dead? No voice replies;
There comes no light from death-sealed eyes.

Oh Friend! oh Brother! great has been
Thy loss—look, look above;
Shall *I* console? I will not sin
Against a Father's love.
To think that aught could brighter make
That grief the heart *must* show or break.

Oh! boy, with thee 'tis well I know
There's glory round thy brow;
The Future, charged with weal or wo,
Can never harm thee now.
So soon called up—would that thy lot
Were mine, Heaven gained and Earth forgot.

Dejection stands on every street,
And every heart is sore;
Hardly a face smiles that you meet,
We hear but one word—war.
Pale, weeping wives and mothers hear
Each breath of news with fainting fear.

Well, some have purchased peace with death
And hailed their liberty,
A little of his icy breath
Would be enough for me.
My country cursed—it seems a shame
To live to read her blighted name.

Norristown Sept., 1862.

AN ORIGINAL NOVELETTE.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER—PHILA.]

BY EMMA GARRISON,

AUTHORESS OF "FREDDY IRVIN," "ZAIDEE, OR THE RUBY CROSS," &c.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER VII.

A MEETING AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Winter passed away. Spring came and called her buried children into jubilant existence. The ice on the river cracked, split and floated off, leaving its waters free and beautifully transparent; and all along its banks the alders put out their fringe-like tassels, and violets and daisies, and other sweet blossoms, crept up and opened their fragrant petals in the sunny air. The mountains became a single mass of bloom from base to summit. The oak forest began to put out its tender foliage; and all day long the mating birds kept up an amorous concert. Even the gloomy pine grove seemed conscious of a faint remembrance of departed youth, and swayed itself to and fro in a kind of ecstatic dream.

Rockville was all life and bustle. The steamer "Swallow" resumed her long abandoned trips, and the wharf-house grew into sudden importance. Brown, Green & Co. advertised a new and unrivalled stock; Knox's boot and shoe establishment hung out a tempting array of summer gaiters; and Porter's hardware windows glittered with burnished tin. Trade was brisk and profitable—the village was crowded with country customers—and the "Traveller's Rest" advertised freshly-painted rooms, excellent fare and a constant supply of the very best Old Rye.

The crimson roses budded and bloomed in the old garden at Kenilworth Hall, and the soft spring sunlight stole in at the library windows, and gilded the volumes, the Dying Gladiator, and the marble Apollo. The old homestead looked wonderfully pleasant, and so did the Attorney, for the people of the county had just brought him out as a candidate for the State Legislature.

The maple tree in Miss Tabby's front yard began to grow shadowy with thickening foliage, and the rose-vine over Widow Lane's window was heavy with snowy bloom. Poor Mary! her heart was in no mood to enjoy the newly-awakened life. Nature seemed to dress up in holiday garments, and dance and revel, to mock her desolate misery.

Even Dr. Pettengill's sombre home had not been forgotten in the universal arraying. The pinks and primroses bloomed in the garden, and the apple tree beneath the young schoolmaster's window hid its swaying branches in billows of milky blossoms, and a blue-bird, wooed by their beauty and fragrance, came and made her straw-thatched home amid them, and deposited her precious treasure of speckled eggs.

At the farm-house, all the life of the opening year seemed to have concentrated. The old farmer and his hands were out, turning up the arable fields and putting in the usual crop of grain. The farm-yard was alive with the cackle of innumerable fowls; and the lowing of kine, and the bleating of lambs, came up from pastures, softly mingling with the varied sounds of sylvan life and labor.

The old garden was in its glory. The roses hung in rich clusters; the tulips flaunted in brilliant rows, and the hollyhocks were beginning to show streaks of yellow and crimson between their rough, green buds. The homestead of the bees was like a little city, filled with a cheerful hum of bustling life; and Florence's parterre was a sea of bloom, dotted over with little isles of green.

One cloudless afternoon, in the very height of all this spring beauty, Florence, being weary of weeding her flower-beds, and not inclined to read, called up Lion, the shaggy Newfoundland, who was her companion and protector in all her rambles, and started out for a walk. She was an ardent lover of nature, and exceedingly fond of out-door exercises, and from childhood had persisted in leading a kind of gipsy life. Her tastes and habits were extraordinary, and made her a puzzle and a wonder to the people of Rockville, especially to such of them as were in the habit of obeying the rules of propriety.

Florence did not obey them; and but for her respectable position would have been severely censured. As it was, the majority wondered; a few feigned to admire; and one or two perhaps truly understood and appreciated. Love of nature was with her a natural attribute. From her nursery window she had clutched at the distant mountains, as if she would fain have brought them nearer; and in her riper years they became her favorite resort. There was not a dell, or a copse, or a cavern in the whole vicinity that she had not explored. The highest peaks of the mountains and the deepest fissures of the rocks were alike accessible to her fragile feet. She could ride the wild colt upon her father's farm, and row a boat down the river for miles and miles without ever seeming fatigued. Yet, to look upon, she seemed the fairest, most ethereal creature that ever walked the earth. The secret of her success, however, lay not so much in bodily as in mental strength. It was her high, fearless will that carried her up dizzy heights, and steadied her fragile feet on the brinks of yawning chasms.

Her favorite walk was a sinuous little by-path, running along the margin of the river, for half a mile perhaps, and then leading through a strip of forest, and up a series of perilous declivities to the topmost summit of the mountain, where there was a great, rocky throne, cushioned with moss, and canopied with overshadowing vines, which commanded an entire view of the village, and also of the surrounding country.

She took this winding path, on the evening before alluded to, and, with Lion trotting along beside her, went sauntering down the shore of the river, pausing ever and anon to pick up a shell or pluck off a tuft of daisies. After awhile she came to the strip of forest, and there she must needs linger also, for never did ancient cathedral present a more imposing spectacle than did the great sylvan temple, with its fretted pavings of moss and many-hued flowers, its majestic arches and swaying curtains, rustling and undulating, and extending upward into the depths of illimitable blue—its gorgeous lights and shadows, varying from the clearest opaline to the deepest purple—and its solemn aisles, through which the winds were swelling like the throbbing music of a thousand organs.

Through this vast temple she passed, lingeringly and lovingly, her soul filled with divinest worship; then she clambered up the rocky steep of the mountain, gathering purple streamers and feathery plumes, and tufts of scarlet blossoms, as she went; and finally reached her favorite haunt upon the topmost summit, and sat herself down upon the mossy throne, beneath the waving hemlocks—above the village, above the river, seemingly above the level of the westward sun.

For a moment or two, she watched the undulations of the river, burnished with the evening light—then she followed the merry gambols of a band of schoolboys on the village common—and then her eyes turned wistfully to the narrow window in Dr. Pettengill's attic. It was closed—the schoolmaster was not there. Perhaps he had not left the schoolhouse—she could not tell, the oak boughs obstructed her view. She turned again to the village, and saw the girls fluttering in and out of Brown, Green & Co.'s, and the maple leaves dancing in Miss Tabby's yard, and the crimson roses swaying backward and forward in the old Kenilworth garden; and presently she saw the Attorney himself strolling down towards the river.

Then she gathered up her flowers, and, while the hemlocks rustled overhead, and the yellow sunbeams slanted up and threw a flickering glow around her, she wove them into garlands and hung one round Lion's shaggy neck and the other on her own bright head, and sat there, like a veritable wood-nymph—queen of the sylvan throne. After awhile the fancy struck her to sing; and with a hundred echoes taking up her tones and flinging them from vale to vale, she sang a little sea-song she had learned from Clifford, full of wild, thrilling music. As the last notes of her voice died away in the distance, a step amid the brushwood startled her, and, rising to her feet, she stood face to face with the schoolmaster.

"Excuse my intrusion, Miss Florence," he began, after a momentary silence, "I really did not dream of seeing you here until I heard your voice, and then it was too late to retreat."

"No excuse is needed, Mr. Kenilworth," she answered, gaily, "the mountains are free to all. This is one of my favorite haunts. Isn't it charming?"

His face, worn and weary as it was, lit up with sudden pleasure.

"I was not aware, until now, that any one admired it but myself. It has been a favorite retreat of mine ever since my earliest recollection."

"Indeed! And it has been the same with me ever since I have been strong enough to climb up the mountain. I did not know before that our attractions were so similar."

"They could not well be otherwise on this point. No one that has any appreciation can fail to admire this view and all its gorgeous adorning. Have you ever been here at night?"

"No, Sir."

"Then you've missed a great deal of grandeur—I wish I had thought of it before, and I would have persuaded you and your brother into climbing up the mountain by moonlight. The scene amply compensates for the trouble. I have been here when all those rugged rocks seemed bathed in liquid silver, and the river encircled the village like a zone of lustrous light. It was sublime. The sable shadows of the hemlocks and the rustling whisper of their heavy foliage filled me with a kind of shuddering ecstasy."

"Oh! I would so much like to be here," cried Florence, excitedly; "let's come the next moonlit night, Mr. Kenilworth—I'll speak to Clifford about it."

He did not answer, but dropping wearily on one end of the rock, leaned his head upon his hand and gazed sadly out upon the beautiful landscape. When he looked up again all the transient animation had left his face, and it looked so utterly hopeless that Florence uttered an involuntary exclamation of surprise.

"Pardon my weakness, Miss Florence," he said, mournfully, "but this has been my home so long, that even the thought of leaving it unnerves and unmans me."

"Leaving it, Mr. Kenilworth!" she reiterated, her eyes opening with astonishment.

"Yes," he answered, dreamily, "I must go, though every affection of my heart is centred here—though no other spot on all the earth will ever seem like home—I must go. It won't do to live here in idleness and inactivity any longer."

"But you are not living in idleness, Mr. Kenilworth," she suggested, timidly, her eyes drooping, and her cheeks flushing.

"Not exactly," he answered, rising to his feet and looking round him, like one just roused from a painful dream; "but it is better for me to go; my little school, much as I love it, cannot content me as it once did—I must go out into the world and seek for something more difficult—something that will require more thought and action and will give me less leisure time. I have been a great dreamer, and something of an idler, Miss Florence. It is time for me to rouse up and get about my work."

Florence averted her face, and her voice was low and somewhat faltering, as she said:

"Why can't you work here, Mr. Kenilworth?"

He seemed embarrassed for a moment, and then said, sadly:

"I can scarcely tell you; and if I could, you might not understand me. One reason why I wish to go is because I cannot live in sight of the old Hall without feeling a longing desire to get back to it—to call it my home again—which is all wrong, since it is the legal property of my cousin. Then there are many other reasons, which might appear foolish to others, but are weighty with myself. Everything here inspires me with vain desires; I am growing sadly discontented; pining for what I cannot and ought not to obtain, and undervaluing blessings for which I ought to be humbly grateful. I must go away and get to hard work, and perhaps, by-and-by, it may prove its own reward."

Florence did not answer, but sat with her face still turned away, and her forehead resting against a projection of the rock. Lion lay at her feet, looking from one to the other in wistful perplexity. She would have made a charming study for an artist as she sat there, so small and fair in comparison with the huge boulders around her; her bright hair garlanded with a fanciful combination of green and scarlet and purple, and her whole attitude so touchingly and tenderly indicative of despairing grief. Perhaps the young schoolmaster thought so, for his pale face flushed up with a sudden glow of enthusiastic admiration; but it soon passed off, and his dreamy eyes were full of tender sorrow as he continued:

"I intended to write you a note, Miss Florence; but this opportunity of expressing my feelings will preclude the necessity. I wish to thank you for your friendship and condescending kindness—but I cannot command words to express what I wish to say. My life has been very desolate for the last two or three years—all my old friends have, for some cause or other, forsaken me—and but for you, Miss Florence, I should have been utterly alone. Never until you have realized my lonely isolation, can you have the least perception of what your friendship has been to me—how it has brightened my darkest moments, and cheered and encouraged me in my most despairing moods. I thank and bless you for it—it is all I can do. Wherever I go, the sweet remembrance of it will go with me, and linger about my heart till the latest day of my existence, like the memory of departed flowers."

Still she did not speak, but continued in the same position, her face averted, and her forehead pressed hard against the rock.

The schoolmaster went on:

"I want to make a request of you, Miss Florence—pardon me, if I seem impertinent—I cannot take my books with me without some trouble, and I would rather leave them with you than with any one else in the world. Will you accept them—I mean, will you keep them until I return, if I ever do?"

"Yes, Mr. Kenilworth, I'll keep them."

"And, Miss Florence, one more kindness, and I am done. Let me keep your Coleridge—it is the first book you ever lent me, and I cannot feel willing to part with it. Perhaps I am asking too much—but if you will let me keep it, I don't think I shall feel quite so friendless."

"Keep it, if you wish, Mr. Kenilworth."

Her voice sounded strange and unnatural, and her face, when she turned it towards him, gave evidence of such extreme suffering that he made an involuntary movement to support her.

"You are ill—suffering—and I have been wearying and detaining you. Forgive me, Miss Florence."

"No, Mr. Kenilworth, I am not ill."

He regarded her for a moment in perplexed surprise—then a sudden thought flashed across his mind, making every nerve in his body thrill with unspeakable bliss; but he banished it in an instant.

"I have distressed you with my doleful complaints," he said, tenderly. "Your kind heart pities me—God bless you for it—my fate does not seem so dark, since it has secured your sympathy. But Heaven forbid that I should be the cause of casting a single shadow o'er your fair young life. Forget me, if the thought of me saddens you—I hold your happiness a thousand times more precious than my own."

"Then, don't go away, Mr. Kenilworth."

She uttered the plaintive appeal in a kind of tremulous whisper; and her face, as he caught a glimpse of it, was almost as crimson as the blossoms in her hair. Woman's love and pride had been in fierce conflict, but love had conquered.

The young man stood for a moment in a trance of bewildering joy. He could no longer doubt it—she loved him, or her overflowing pity had taken the semblance of love. And in that moment the deep intensity of his own feelings was revealed to him. He saw then the secret of all his discontent. And there she sat before him, drooping, blushing, like a flower bowed down by its own fragrance, her soft brow pillowed on the heartless rock. It was a hard trial not to take the advantage of her yielding tenderness—not to take her drooping form to his bosom, and with it eternal happiness. But he bore up bravely beneath it; and all the old Kenilworth chivalry and manhood beamed from his eyes, and found utterance in his voice, as he said:

"I love you, Florence—all that I know of beauty, and brightness, and holiness, circles around you. You have been my blessing and inspiration in the years of my trial and despair—you will be the same through all my future existence. If I possessed all the treasures of earth, I would lay them all down at your feet—but as it is, Florence, you must not think of me—I know your tender heart pities me—and the knowledge throws a golden brightness over all my sombre future. But you must forget me, and walk your flowery path in peace. Mine will lead over rocks and ruts, and through gloom and darkness."

"You must not leave me, Mr. Kenilworth."

She lifted her head from the rock, and held out her hands towards him, like a helpless child. He could do nothing less than to take them and draw her head down to a softer resting-place upon his shoulder; but he still remonstrated:

"Don't tempt me, Florence—don't make me forget my duty in this great unlooked-for joy! It must not be. All the world would point me out as a selfish, heartless coward, were I to take advantage of your tender pity. No, Florence, no—I love you too well to link your bright existence with my almost hopeless future—I am a poor man—I have nothing in the world to offer you; and even if I had, I should not feel justified in taking advantage of your present feelings. You *pity* me, Florence—you will *love* some one more fortunate and more capable of making you happy, by-and-by. And God grant you life's best joy."

She raised her head from his shoulder, shook back the garland from her brow, and, with a smile, half playful, gleaming through her tears, replied:

"I see that you are determined to make me acknowledge it, Mr. Kenilworth. I do not pity you, I pity myself—I know it is unmaidenly to say it—but I shall be miserable if you go away and leave me."

His reply is not on record; we only know that the radiance of the dying day fell around them, sitting side by side upon the rocky throne, wrapped in the royal purple of their own supreme delight. She, like a delicate vine, full of fragrant blossoms and twining tendrils; he like a stalwart oak, rustling all its happy foliage in the summer sunshine; his form erect, his eyes and brow aglow with glorious brightness, his broad bosom heaving and swelling like a tumultuous sea.

The celestial rapture, as Emerson expresses it, had fallen out of Heaven and seized upon him—the rapture of loving and of feeling himself beloved.

And no other rapture is half so near akin to the real blessedness of immortality; notwithstanding the modern prate about inordinate love and creature worship, and the necessity of curbing our human affections. The age of idolatry has passed—smoking altars and streaming libations have gone by forever. We are an active, bustling race, striving solely for our personal advancement. Our great fault is not loving too much, but too little. The best of us need thank God for the capacity of loving anything, human or divine, for all love, even the poorest and weakest, tends upward to its great Eternal Source.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SECOND ENCOUNTER, NOT SO PLEASANT AS THE FIRST.

The sun was well-nigh down when Florence reached the strip of forest, on her return to the farm-house. The gorgeous lights were fast melting into one great, sable shadow, save when the heavy foliage swayed apart, revealing transient glimpses of the opal sky, sloping down to the west in a shifting flush of gold and crimson. The wind had risen to something of a gale, and soared through the dusky aisles in bass-like swells, tossing the branches of the trees and dying off in the distance, like the multitudinous booming of the ocean. Nature was almost awful in her solemn majesty; but the maiden did not hasten, but strolled along with her shaggy protector beside her, wholly absorbed in her new-born dream of joy.

Yet she was not unconscious of the beauty and melody around her—on the contrary, her soul seemed to take in every changing phase of scenery and every echoing note or sound, almost without the aid of her natural organs. Never do we hold such divine communion with nature as when all our senses, our passions and evil propensities are lulled into tranquil passivity by an inward sense of joy. It is then that we feel ourselves surrounded and filled and permeated by her mystic influences, made conscious of all her sacred mysteries. It is then that her solemn face, puzzling and silent as that of the desert Sphinx, breaks into sudden brightness, and we hear her wondrous tongues and understand them all.

Something after this wise felt Florence as she passed, with lingering step, beneath the waving arches of the forest temple. Every downy leaf upon the oak boughs, every sound or song, from the rushing of the wind to the faintest chirp of the nestled birds, possessed for her a meaning and a beautiful significance, hitherto undreamed of. The silver crescent of her maiden life had suddenly rounded into the full-orbed circle of perfect joy. For the time being, she was unspeakably content, too much so to have a single thought or care for the future. All that she had ever hoped for or dreamed of or imagined; all that she had ever idolized or worshipped, had come into her possession; and her soul was melted into a fountain of blissful gratitude.

The humid lustre of her amber eyes and the wrapt serenity of her youthful face, as she came out from the forest, and stood encircled in the last faint brightness of the closing day, reminded one of old pictures of the Madonna. Perhaps Attorney Kenilworth thought as much—at any rate, he rose up from his seat by the river-side, and lifted his hat, as soon as she came in sight—but it may have been only common gallantry, and not poetic reverence, as we imagine. It is difficult to say. We are not warrantable in asserting that the Attorney ever indulged in such fancies. But we can safely say that his smile was very pleasant, and his voice very agreeable, as he advanced to meet the young maiden.

"Miss Florence, you are really startling. But for your familiar features, I should certainly have believed you a veritable Hymadriad, freshly descended from your native oak."

The Attorney does indulge in fancy. We are glad we have not done him injustice.

Florence smiled—the first smile, perhaps, she had ever bestowed upon the Attorney—her heart was so full of happiness, so perfectly at peace with all mankind, that she could not help it. But Lion did not seem to take the Attorney's gallant little speech so kindly. He ruffled up his shaggy coat, showed his ivory teeth, and uttered an unmistakable snarl.

The Attorney retreated a pace or two, and put out his fishing rod. The ivory teeth became more plainly visible—the snarl deepened into an ominous growl, and the unmannerly beast crouched down upon his haunches preparatory to a spring.

"Be quiet, Lion," said Florence, firmly, putting her slender hand upon his head.

The Attorney retreated still farther, and a ring of greenish white appeared round his compressed lips—but it was soon gone, and he said, with pleasant sadness:

"Your dog is like yourself, Miss Florence, not disposed to feel kindly towards me. I wish I could tell what it is that renders me so unattractive—I would certainly spare no pains to correct it."

"O, Lion will be foolish sometimes. But the sun is quite down. Good evening, Mr. Kenilworth."

"I must beg leave to detain you a few moments, Miss Florence, I have a few words to say, which I hope you will oblige me by hearing."

Lion gave another hoarse growl, and was in the very act of making an attack, but the firm voice and potent hand of his mistress again restrained him. But he yielded with evident reluctance, crouching close to her side, and keeping up an undertone snarl. The Attorney was held completely at bay. It was rather a ridiculous position for a rejected lover on the point of renewing his suit—and Florence was evidently struck with it; for, in spite of her lady-like manners, just the slightest smile flashed over her quiet face, as she said:

"You will have to be brief, Mr. Kenilworth; I shall not be able to control Lion much longer."

The ring of greenish white appeared round the Attorney's mouth, and he made a feint to put out his fishing-rod; but the lurid eye-balls and unhesitating snarl of his antagonist showed him that it would not do.

"I wish to ask you, Miss Florence," he began, in a voice of forced composure, with his eyes fixed upon the dog and his body protruding forward, in order to keep his nether extremities as much out of danger as possible, "if I must consider your decision relative to my proposal, when I last saw you, as irrevocable?"

"You certainly must, Mr. Kenilworth."

"Don't say so, Miss Florence, I beseech you—I cannot, I will not believe it. All my hopes of earthly happiness depend upon its revocation. I will not accept your refusal, because I believe that time and reflection will change you. Love like mine must at last win its reward—I will wait, Miss Florence, hoping that my unobtrusive devotion may excite your pity, if nothing more."

Some internal emotion—fear of the dog, perhaps, gave to his voice a kind of vibrating tremor; and his gentle auditor was so happy herself, so grateful for her own good fortune, that, in spite of her former antipathy, she sincerely pitied him. It was not right to keep him in suspense, cherishing a groundless hope. She would tell him of her affection for his cousin and end the matter at once.

"You have my sincere pity already, Mr. Kenilworth," she said, timidly, with drooping eyes and blushing cheeks; "I am truly sorry to cause you a moment's uneasiness—but I have nothing but my friendship to offer you. My affections have been plighted to another."

The Attorney started back in amazement, and in so doing elevated his fishing-rod, and provoked an ominous growl from Lion.

"Plighted to another, Miss Florence!" he said, unbelievingly. "It cannot be—your father assured me that your affections were entirely free."

"He thought so—and I did myself, until very recently," she said, blushingly; and then added, with just a little pride in her eyes and voice, "I have plighted my faith to your cousin, Mr. Horace Kenilworth. I thank you for the honor you have done me, and shall always be your friend. Good evening, Sir."

Ah! Florence, that was an unlucky disclosure. It will cost you many a tear.

The Attorney expressed his disappointment in a few affecting words, also his wishes for her happiness, and bowed himself away, followed by a parting snarl from Lion. Once out of sight, the pleasant smile faded from his face—it became white and almost rigid, and the greenish white circle round his mouth looked like a ring of dusky fire. But he did not speak, or by the slightest action betray his emotion, until his swift unaltering step had brought him to his own dwelling. There he let off a little of his spleen by splintering his fishing-rod over the head of an inoffending servant boy, swearing at his housekeeper in the hall, and closing the library door behind him with a startling bang.

The good people of Rockville would scarcely have recognized him as their smiling, smooth-tongued representative, could they have looked in upon the Attorney as, with clenched hands and corrugated brow, he strode up and down the library, his burning eyes and the dusky circle round his mouth distinctly visible every time he passed the twilight window. Many a simple-hearted farmer would have felt like transferring his vote could he have seen the Attorney then in his silent but terrible anger. But most fortunately for the worthy office-seeker, there was no human eye to witness his smouldering rage. His secrets were safe, for Apollo, with all his majestic calmness, could not speak, and the Gladiator lay writhing in the agonies of dissolution.

We are very unwilling to do the Attorney the least injustice, therefore we beg the reader to remember that his exasperation was not without cause. In the first place, he loved Florence, as well, perhaps, as his capacity for loving admitted of. She was pretty, and graceful, and attractive, with a dash of fiery independence running like a streak of gold through her gentle virgin nature—the very woman to make a pleasant plaything for a statesman in his leisure hours. Of course the Attorney did not want a wife for a companion—he was too sensible a man for that. She must be a kind of household genius, devoting herself exclusively to the well-being of her lord—always ready to appear or to vanish at his slightest bidding. Florence was just his ideal—she was accomplished, but not vain—well-read, but not pedantic—she would not cause him to blush in public for her ignorance, nor weary him in private with her wisdom. And there was another consideration, and a weighty one. Farmer Kent was wealthy—well-nigh equal to the Attorney himself in bank stock. By-and-by Florence would be an heiress; for that good-for-nothing brother of hers could easily be disposed of—and then, by dint of high position, ample means and political dinners, the Attorney would be enabled to reach the national capital, the goal of his ambition. But, in the midst of all these brilliant projects, just as he expects to win from her a sweet and timid assent, Florence, as we have seen, coolly informs him of her engagement to his cousin, and that, too, with a great, surly Newfoundland beside her, snarling and showing his teeth, to the Attorney's imminent peril. No wonder that he was exasperated—no wonder that he swears it shall not be, and vows to wreak vengeance on his unconscious cousin, with a crash of his foot that makes the library resound, Apollo quake upon his pedestal, and the Gladiator upheave his brawny chest, as if with a throe of agony.

CHAPTER IX.

"OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY."

When Florence reached home, the last bright tints were fading away from the dusky twilight, and the half-orbed moon hung dimly visible in the lambent depths of the mellow sky. The farm-hands were coming in from the fields, some trotting along upon the weary work-horses, their plow-chains keeping up a merry jingling—others sauntering up the lane with hoes and rakes upon their shoulders. The cattle lowed contentedly from the barn-yard, and now and then a restless guinea or a prophetic chanticleer filled the poultry-house with discordant music. Clifford's dogs were yelping and tumbling over each other in the green yard beneath the locust trees, and the two pet pigeons, followed by a number of clumsy squabs, toddled up and down the porch, heedless of the ill-natured parrot's shrill "git out." Mrs. Kent sat knitting in the door way, and the old farmer reclined on the willow mat at her feet, fanning himself with his broad-brimmed hat, after a day of active labor.

"What wild goose chase have you been on this time, gipsy?" he asked, as Florence came up, with her apron full of flowers, and Lion trotting behind her.

"Only up on the mountain."

"Up on the mountain, hey! I'd like to know what you find up there so interesting. Must go to meet the Attorney—I saw him, an hour or so ago, strolling down the river with his fishing tackle."

Florence blushed deeply, stammered a few unintelligible words, and then hurried off to her chamber. But after having arranged the flowers in her vases she paused a moment before her picture of the kneeling Gertrude, and then hurried down again in search of Clifford. Ever since her earliest recollection, he had been her confidant and adviser. She confided to him all her little sorrows, told him of her plans and projects—in fine, made him the keeper of all her secrets. If she wanted a new dress, or a book, or a fresh supply of pin money, she went to Clifford, and Clifford went to his father, and always succeeded. And now her virgin heart, too pure and true in its filial obedience to keep its new-found joys and hopes even for a moment in secret, turned instantly to its old resort. She would tell Clifford, and he should tell her father and mother.

She found him in the summer-house, pensive and moody, but he brightened up at the sight of her excited face, and drew her tenderly down beside him. With all his failings, Clifford was a model brother—true, and tender, and noble. He listened patiently to her artless recital, and then bent down and kissed her blushing face; but his own was sad and doubtful.

"You couldn't have made a better choice, Florence," he said, tenderly. "Horace Kenilworth's a true man—he's every worthy of you, and that's the most I can say for him. I believe in my soul he'd do his utmost to make his wife happy. And if you love him, for my part, I'd sooner see you marry him than any man I know. But I'm afraid father'll never consent to it. You know what he thinks of money and position—he even wanted you to accept that rascally Attorney. But I'll say and do everything I can; and you must hope and wait; it'll all come right in time, I reckon."

Clifford was as good as his word—he went to his mother, and she went to her husband. But for once her influence failed; the old man was inexorable. Florence, his only daughter, his pretty, pet child, for whom he had toiled and economized—she, who had never known a want or undergone a hardship—she, who would have as handsome a bridal portion as any girl in the State, and could have her pick of husbands—she marry that poverty-stricken schoolmaster, without a second coat to his back or a dollar in his pocket? The idea was preposterous. No indeed, he would never consent to it—Florence must get over her silly notion as best she could. She should never marry Horace Kenilworth while he lived.

Florence did not complain or utter a single word of remonstrance. She received the sentence in mournful silence, and then went up to her chamber and sat for an hour or two with her eyes fixed upon the picture of Gertrude and her husband. After that she wrote a note to the schoolmaster, informing him of her father's decision, but at the same time assuring him of her own unchanging affection. Clifford took it down, and he and the master had a long talk together, and became from henceforth the best of friends.

But, somehow or other, a change had come over the whilom happy old farm-house. The black cloud was creeping slowly but steadily up the sky; already the outer edge hung over the broad threshold, casting a sombre shadow where the sunlight had once lain warm and bright. Florence's silver carols, that once filled the old halls with melody, had grown suddenly silent; her guitar lay neglected and unstrung, and she moved about with such a noiseless, flitting step, and wore on her pale face a look of such sad, but tender, obliging sweetness, that her mother wept at the very sight of her, and her old father grew anxious and fretful, and cursed the poor schoolmaster in his heart, as the cause of all his trouble.

Clifford, in the meantime, became more restless and moody than ever; the house was dull; all manner of employment irksome; and his days were almost entirely devoted to his dogs, and his evenings to Simon Bluff. Never since their sudden separation at Miss Tabby's party, had he and Mary met, or even so much as exchanged a single word of explanation. It seems to be the general misfortune of all lovers, no matter how true and tender, to remain provokingly silent in regard to their mutual differences, and that too when a single word would be sufficient to prevent years and years of sorrow. But for the old maxim, which tells us that the course of true love never did run smooth, we should feel inclined to quarrel with the pain-prolonging custom—that being the case, however, crosses are inevitable, and one kind may as well be accepted as another. Clifford, it is true, had manifested some little discretion in his trouble by calling to see Mary, a day or two after the party. But never were the golden apples of the Hesperides more effectually guarded than was that love-lorn damsel. Miss Tabby expected such a call, and was prepared for it. Her lynx-eye caught sight of Clifford as he paused a moment beneath the maple tree, and she was at the door almost before he rapped, her very hair on end with righteous indignation. Was Mary in? Yes, she was; but he wouldn't see her, he might depend upon it—and, moreover, she would be obliged to him not to show his face on her premises again—and she rounded off this peppery little speech with a resolute bang of the door, that roused all the hot blood to the boiling pitch in the young man's heart, and sent him off to the "Traveller's Rest" for comfort. After that he did not come again, as a matter of course; and, through all the sweet spring days, while the maple leaves were dancing in the sunshine, and the birds and bees piping and murmuring their summer joy, poor Mary sat by the back-room window, working away at her straw and flowers—keeping back her tears, lest they should drop down and stain her work. Almost every day, she saw him in the village, sometimes dressed in his hunting-suit, with his rifle across his shoulder and his dogs at his horse's heels, but oftener with a group of gay companions on the steps of the "Traveller's Rest." And one night since the party, while she sat at her chamber window, she had seen his horse go home again without a rider. At such times her pride entirely forsook her, and she upbraided herself for having been so cruel and heartless, and would undoubtedly have recalled him and assured him of her willingness to link her fate with his, notwithstanding his proud father's opposition, but Miss Tabby steadily forbade it. Clifford had not asked Mary to marry him, said the sagacious little woman, he merely said that he loved her, and asked her to love him back. That was no way for a man to make a proposal—it was nothing but a sneaking trap—and if Mary would take her advice, she would never spend another thought on him. And poor, yielding Mary bore her sorrows in silence and well-nigh broke her heart.

In the meantime, Clifford grew more and more dissatisfied. From his childhood, all his tastes and propensities had been exceedingly vagrant. Once, when only three years old, he ran away from his nurse and came well-nigh being lost for the night on the mountain; and at another time, during his schoolboy days, he ran off with a gang of gipsies, and caused his father considerable trouble to get him safely back. Indeed, in his younger days, he was not of very good repute in the village. There was not a trick, or a practical joke, or an orchard depredation to be committed, that he was not at the head of. Many of his rattle-brained adventures were still extant among the people and talked of by the farm-house firesides. There was not an individual in Rockville who did not remember the terrible figure, with glaring eyes and swinging arms, that he fixed up on the meeting-house steeple on Hallow Eve night, and which came within one of frightening several persons out of their wits; or the effigy he made of old miser Hughes and set it on fire on the top of his own gate-post.

But, with all his mad freaks, Clifford was a fine boy, with as good a heart as ever throbbed beneath a sun-bronzed breast. No one ever knew him to commit a cruel or dishonorable act. One of the severest battles he ever fought—and he fought a great many—was with a parcel of graceless youngsters, who roused his ire by persisting in stoning a dog that had strayed from its master. As he grew up to manhood, his boyish misdemeanors were abandoned, but his tendency to wildness was still manifest in his love of travel and hunting, and sometimes, most unfortunately, in his attraction to the "Traveller's Rest."

The oracles of Rockville prophesied that he would never make the man his father was, and would soon run through the estate; and one or two prudent fathers and mothers warned their sons against his example, and glanced uneasily at their daughters whenever they came within range of his handsome face; but Clifford held a goodly number of firm friends notwithstanding, for, with all his vagrant tendencies and extravagant propensities, he was a large-hearted, generous fellow, possessing that boundless love of humanity and that infinite mercy and pity peculiarly characteristic of such natures.

Hitherto his exceeding love for his mother and sister had always kept him in check, and attachment for Mary was like an anchor holding him firmly moored amid the pleasant shallows about his native shore; but now that the latter had failed him, and he was adrift at the mercy of the waves, it was exceedingly likely that he would be borne seaward by the first rising gale. Unused to anything like disappointment or regret, his buoyant spirit chafed beneath its bondage, and he wandered about with a restless, feverish haste, as if in constant motion he only found peace. But when evening came and the twilight shadows gathered around the old farm-house, and the crickets chirped beneath the hearth-stone, and he thought of the rustling maple tree and Miss Tabby's cheerfully-lighted window, and of the sweet face that had always been so eager to welcome him, his feelings became unbearable, and he hurried off to the "Traveller's Rest" for something to give him oblivion. And Simon Bluff received him with a smile, and dealt out the lulling poison by glassfuls, and pocketed his gold as complacently as if it were not the wages of sin. And night after night Clifford sat there in the dingy, comfortless room, inhaling the polluting atmosphere, and staining his fresh young manhood with sin and dishonor, that it would take rivers of repentant tears to wash away. And others like him, only farther gone in the dark delusion—beings who had once been men, but had made themselves worse than beasts—deformed and bloated impersonations of the vices in which they indulged, congregated there also, to expend their hard-earned wages and make night hideous with their senseless revelry, while broken-hearted wives and neglected babes wept and prayed for them in desolate homes. Still the "Traveller's Rest" prospered, licensed by law and approved by the people, and Simon Bluff sat in his cushioned pew on Sundays, and held his gold embossed prayer book, and responded as devoutly as the most self-denying Christian. And the minister and the members and the good people of Rockville held their peace. Simon Bluff was a money-making, respectable citizen; he must have the right hand of fellowship. As for the poor, lost wretches who dropped in his bar-room coffers the gold that made him respectable—banish them from society, even from pity and prayers. They are idle, worthless vagabonds—let them go on, down to the very bottom of the black abyss—nobody will put out a hand to save them—nobody cares. Nobody, unless—and we must believe it or let our hearts break in despair—the eye of the All-merciful Father looks down in pity upon his poor, deluded, erring children, while dwelling among the bogs and mires, as well as upon his righteous, respectable followers who sit in pleasant places, clothed and in their right mind.

But after awhile not even the "Traveller's Rest" could content him; and Clifford made up his mind to leave the dear old home of his boyhood, and go out into the world—not to seek his fortune, but to seek forgetfulness. Poor Clifford! we can but pity him, and the hundreds and hundreds like him—good-hearted, well-meaning men and women, who prefer the right and yet pursue the wrong, by yielding to their evil propensities. Let no man who has the power within him to meet temptations without resolute no, who does not shrink from daily trial or flinch at the smart of sorrow, lift up his voice in condemnation of these, his weaker brethren. Let him rather set himself up as a city of refuge, to save them from such soul-traps as the "Traveller's Rest."

Clifford's resolution cost his fond mother many a secret tear. He was her pride—the first-born child of her happy wifehood—moreover, he was a living image of his father, not only in person, but in tastes and disposition. Just such another handsome, rollicking, good-hearted youth was the old farmer when, regardless of

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, September 24, 1862.

THE GREAT VICTORY.

After a week's fighting between two of the largest armies which modern times witnessed, arrayed in deadly strife against each other, victory has settled upon the Union arms, and the great rebel army has been driven, discomfited and broken, out of Maryland. But two weeks ago the rebel General, flushed with his supposed triumph at Manassas, crossed the Potomac, to arouse the disloyal feeling believed to reside in that State, counting certainly on a large increase to his army, the seizure of Baltimore, the plunder of Pennsylvania, and finally the surrender of the army at Washington, cut off, as it would be, by the success of this programme, from communication with the loyal States, except by water. The rebel leader mistook the feeling in Maryland. But that was not his only mistake. He mistook the spirit and power of Pennsylvania, and the strength of the gallant army which the loyal States have sent to Washington, and he sadly underrated the skill of its Generals. From Maryland he got no support; for even the secessionists dreaded the appearance of the rebels more than that of the Union army, while the loyal people of the State regarded them as the worst enemies of Maryland. Pennsylvania, threatened with invasion, poured out one hundred thousand of her armed sons to repel the invaders. The great army of the Potomac, worsted in recent engagements by unskillful management, felt itself inspired to new deeds of valor under the gallant leader of its choice. How far the confidence in McClellan, which the army has always expressed, was justified, the result in Maryland sufficiently establishes. Untrammelled by politicians, left to his own judgment and skill, and having a hearty and intelligent co-operation from General Halleck, McClellan has beaten the ablest Generals in the rebel army, broken up and partially destroyed its greatest army, and upon ground chosen by itself as the field of its future victories.

When we look calmly at the rebel invasion, it seems as if nothing but infatuation could have induced the rebel General to attempt it. While he defended Richmond, he was near the source of his supplies, in a country devoted to secession, and where every man was ready to take up arms in the rebel cause. He had railroads behind him, extending into a country filled with productions necessary to feed his army. All it lacked were shoes and clothing, but even these could be extemporized by expedients which would probably have lasted for another campaign. When in Maryland, he confronted the whole power of the Government, backed by an army large enough to send a force to attack the rebel army equal to the latter, and still hold Baltimore and Washington city by another army equally as large. One great advantage this army had was, all the railroad connections behind it, and through Maryland, were perfect and uninterrupted. The whole mass could be moved in half the time the rebels could travel on foot over land, and in battle its losses could be repaired from day to day, so as to leave an undiminished army to operate against an opposing army continually being reduced by the casualties of battle, and cut off from every other source of supply. This fact no doubt added to the desperation of the rebels' defence, hemmed in as they were with a river in their rear preventing their escape; but such a contest, however prolonged, must inevitably have led to the defeat of the weaker party. The generalship which placed the rebel army in a position which obliged it to accept the situation forced upon it by the military foresight of the Union commander, cannot certainly be commended for its sagacity, though success might have excused it. Beaten, however, its destruction seems inevitable, if rightly followed up as we have no doubt that it will be.

THE REBEL INVASION.

The rebel raid from out of Virginia across the Potomac has tried the principles of Maryland, and it has tried the courage of Pennsylvania in a manner most useful. In Maryland, the citizens have had the opportunity of comparing the two armies. Although the rebels tried in every way to coax and to make fair weather for themselves in Maryland, even pretending to pay for all their supplies and to respect private property, what has been the result? Where they have paid it has not been in gold nor silver, nor anything that was conceived of as valuable before this wicked war began, but in those Rebel notes that are and probably never will be worth anything. It is thus they have served their friends. As for their enemies, they have stripped the Union men bare, giving them simple certificates for the plunder. But stores have been emptied, fields wasted, fences destroyed, horses and cattle stolen and driven away. The doubtful have been pressed into the service, and the country has been desolated. Let the citizens of Maryland inquire, and think if, during the last year and a half, the Union forces have thus ravaged that State. Frederick has been literally sacked, but it has been not by Union but Secession forces.

Much indignation has been felt at the cordial greeting with which in some cases secession troops were received; even those who had sworn allegiance and been most profuse in their professions of loyalty, welcoming the invaders with open arms and lavish entertainments. But miserable as have been these multiplied instances of treachery, it is satisfactory to know that the rebels have been by far the greater number of instances so wretchedly deceived even by those who have professed adhesion to their cause, that they own their disappointment and abandon Maryland as hopelessly loyal and averse from the rebel cause.

In Pennsylvania the threat of the rebels to invade our soil has just gone far enough to wake up all classes to unite in protecting the State from the horrors of an invasion from those pretended "gentlemen" soldiers with bare feet done up in rags, and dilapidated garments, who have been following Stonewall Jackson. While there have been some parts of the State that have been and are comparatively indifferent, they have been mostly those which have been far from railroads and telegraphs. On the other hand after all that has been done towards raising the last six hundred thousand men, those counties which have done the most have been the first to come forward with yet more men for a further fifty thousand to repel the threatened invasion. The town of Lewisburg, for instance, had already sent thirty odd men more than its share of the whole six hundred thousand as volunteers without any draft. But when the call was made for fifty thousand, two fresh full companies at once tendered their services, embracing the heads and representatives of nearly every family left in the town. Men of all ages and all professions, the President of the University, one of the professors, students of divinity, lawyers, men of business, and men of property, the proprietors of the foundry, and nearly all their hands, ceased from their daily avocations and arrived in Harrisburg equipped and ready for instant service in repelling the invasion on Saturday forenoon.

We hope the whole State will show itself animated by suitable emotions in regard to this threatened invasion. We have all become enervated by too long a continuance of peace, ease, and prosperity. In ordinary times it is the special duty of the minister of the Gospel to repress and restrain, rather than encourage, the warlike spirits of men. But these are times when the government calls upon "all able-bodied men to volunteer," and an enemy goes so far in threatened outrage that it is the duty of all classes to volunteer, and of ministers to encourage and exhort others, as many have done, if not to go themselves.

We trust it will not even be necessary simply to defend the line of the Susquehanna. Our forces have advanced to meet the enemy at the edge of the State. It belongs to the armies of the United States to see that the foe never returns, or be permitted to escape home again gorged and demoralized with the plunder of Maryland; but it belongs to Pennsylvania, with such assistance as the other Northern States will render, to meet the foe with every available man, and dispute every inch of the soil of the Free States from devastation, demoralization and plunder, by the vilest and most unbridled miscreants who ever threatened the soil of freedom or the homes of a happy and enlightened people.

MEN OF STONE AND OF IRON.

For some years reports have from time to time reached this country of the discovery in the Swiss Lakes of the traces of *pile* villages, inhabited by races now extinct. The last No. of the Edinburg Review gives a full and fair account of the mysteries thus far unfolded in regard to them. These Lacustrine villages, as they are called, consisted at one time of perhaps fifty thousand inhabitants, not much above four feet high, who from dread of wild beasts, if not of the attacks of fiercer neighbors, built their habitations out in the lakes, approaching them by a long causeway, also on piles. There are the traces of three races having successively superceded one another in the Lake abodes, called respectively the races of Stone, of Bronze, and of Iron. The last of these races may be those historically known through Roman writers. The age of Bronze, M. Marlot thinks, has an antiquity of from three to four thousand years. These dates are, however, all exceedingly uncertain, and indeed we have the date of the abandonment of one of the villages of the first period about three thousand three hundred years ago, pretty clearly estimated by the gradual falling of the Lake. Even wood remains for ages undecayed under water, and thus it is that relics are preserved of these three ages that enable us almost to reconstruct their abodes and to write a history of their rise and fall, their manners and customs, their virtues and their vices.

In the age of Stone, the men were as we have said, dwarfs, living in the midst of a Fauna and Flora contemporary with that now existing. Though it seems an undecided question among geologists whether some similar races in the valley of the Somme, may not have been contemporary with those of the extinct animals of the "Pleistocene" geological period. The Swiss men of the Stone age were apparently a little more advanced than most of our Indian tribes. They were hunters, as their arrow and lance heads, made of bone and stone, testify. They followed agriculture, had barley and wheat, and small apples and pears. The bones of wild animals, the deer, the wild boar, &c., are found around their dwellings. They had their domestic animals—sheep and oxen, small horses, and the dogs, who were regularly fed with the bones on which they have left the marks of their teeth. They drank spring, and not the lake water, apparently, and had water jars of pottery, two or three feet in diameter.

How long they thus lived we know not—ages probably. But they lived and died in peace, and were buried, seemingly, on shore, as few human bones of this period are found in the lakes. But at last they were dispossessed by another race, marked most easily by weapons and implements, of a mixture of copper and tin. Some blocks of this, brought no doubt from a distance by commerce and the new race, are found in the lakes. They advanced their dwellings further into the lake, probably because, with their new weapons, they could more easily fell the timber, or else the waters were receding, or the enemies surrounding more powerful. In other respects they lived much as their predecessors, except that they buried their dead in stone chests, made of slabs doubled up, face and knees together, and the arms crossed on the breast. The age of bronze continued long, and was at last destroyed, suddenly and by the fire and sword of the iron men.

Both of the previous races are called pre-historical; in this sense only, however, that they cannot, with their small features, be identified with the sturdy Celtic race—the earliest that Roman history tells us anything about in these parts. When the Iron race began, and how long it continued on the lakes, cannot certainly be determined at present, but perhaps not very long before Roman arts and arms extended in that direction. The bolder race seem to have by degrees abandoned these lake dwellings. In the time of Cæsar, the present city of Geneva, built on an island extending out into the lake, was one of the chief towns of the Allobroges. How far it may have grown out of one of these pile villages originally who shall say? Perhaps one of the most important lessons of these buried lake cities, is to prove how completely the discovery of a new metal may change the fate of a race. Bronze supercedes stone and iron bronze. And so in our day railroads supercede common roads, and steam does the work of horses, and sails and iron-clad vessels take the place of wooden ones, and the fate of a nation may depend upon keeping up with the most recent scientific improvements and guns of the longest range. Iron is found on the weapons of war before it can be traced on the domestic utensils.

DEFEAT OF THE REBELS

The news of Monday morning adds but little to our knowledge of the rebel movements since their defeat at Antietam and their retreat from Maryland across the Potomac. Foiled in the purpose of their advance, and beaten badly in the bloodiest contests ever fought on this Continent, the only thing left them for their own safety was to get back again into Virginia as quick as possible. On Thursday night they recrossed before daylight, at several fords a few miles from Sharpsburg, and though pursued to the river the next morning, very little but stragglers and pickets fell into the hands of the pursuers. The pursuit will no doubt be followed up, and the original object—the capture Richmond—be again prosecuted under auspices more favorable than in any previous advance, for our army is now in a condition to be relied upon, is strong in numbers, under a leader of its choice, who has shown himself to be a General of capacity, able to direct the movements of a grand army and to achieve success against the best leaders the rebels can boast.

The journals which have been warring against Gen. McClellan so long, and accusing him of incompetency and treason, affect to be greatly dissatisfied that the whole rebel army was not captured. The task of capturing an army of over a hundred thousand men by a force no greater than itself, may be an easy one in the opinion of these literary generals, but it is one we believe without record. Divisions of armies have laid down their arms when overpowered by superior numbers and cut off from any avenue of retreat, but history is silent of the achievement of "bagging" an army of a hundred thousand strong, with a fordable river in its rear, and by one no stronger in numbers than itself. That such an army is routed, after a contest which showed its great strength and determination, is a victory the country has reason to be proud of, and to rejoice over as a great success. The defeat in Maryland is the worst blow rebellion has yet received. Confident in their numbers, and believing in the superior capacity of their generals, flushed with victory, and anticipating a great accession to their numbers, as well as a vast addition to their means of supporting another campaign, they have seen all these hopes destroyed, their grand army driven pell mell out of the State wherein they hoped to receive quarters for a season, crippled by disaster, without securing the plunder they expected, their pride lowered by defeat, and their confidence in their military superiority shattered by the prowess of our troops and the able management of a young General whom they affected to despise. They have experienced the power of the Government they have insulted and defied so long, and have had a bitter foretaste of its energy and strength when thoroughly roused. The army which has beaten them will, in less than one month, be larger than ever, and, with the vigor which directs it, and the confidence which victory has inspired, it is not too much to anticipate that its future course will be one of triumph.

A DEPLORABLE FAILURE

The invasion of Maryland and Kentucky, which promised to recuperate the diminished resources of the rebels and to relieve those two States of the "tyranny" which Jeff. Davis says rules them so remorselessly, has not fulfilled the high-blown expectations of the rebel leaders, nor added much to their military strength or the political consequence of the rebellion. In Maryland the rebel hopes of a rising were disappointed by the evident coolness with which a majority of the people received them. This, followed by the disastrous defeat of their great army, which has been driven back, broken and disgraced into Virginia, leaves them in a worse condition than that they sought to improve by their advance. In Kentucky their flight is equally precipitous, though as yet less disastrous. Buell's movements from Tennessee has set them in full retreat, to avoid the punishment their daring advance was likely to provoke. In less than two weeks the movement which was to carry the war into the loyal States and inflict its ravages upon soil hitherto free from the foot of the invader, is all reversed, and the discomfited and beaten rebels are seeking safety within their original lines, wiser, and, we hope, better, from their experience of their own weakness and lack of power to assail the loyal States successfully. They have tried both the retiring and advancing policy, and both have failed to afford them any success. The future promises to be still more disastrous to their hopes. They have expended all their strength upon this last movement, and met the Union forces under conditions more favorable to themselves than can possibly occur again. Beaten in this encounter and out-generalled in both Maryland and Kentucky, they will next be compelled to meet the Union army augmented by such additions as nearly double its effective force, and under officers who are daily getting the experience which leads to success. What hope, therefore, can they have for their future efforts?

IMPROVING ON VICTORIES.

The news received by the despatches, on Friday, took off a fearful load from the public mind, and renders a speedy termination of the war possible by good management, and by instantly following up the blow with fresh attacks before the rebels can recover from their defeat. We cannot, however, forget that once before McClellan drove the rebels before him from their chosen positions at Yorktown, and followed them victoriously up the Peninsula, but all the fruits of this victory were snatched away by a want of proper co-operation. The corps which were to support him were held back, and the remainder of our army in Virginia was split up into small detached commands, none aiding in the great object—the capture of Richmond. What were the motives which prompted this, we shall not now discuss, but the result was disaster and shame, enormous loss of life and treasure. It is our duty to learn from the past, in order that we may not again throw away our advantages. McClellan has proved himself equal to the command of the largest army, which he has managed with consummate skill. He should have an opportunity to make the most of the success he has achieved, and with General Halleck as the directing mind at Washington, we have no doubt he will receive all the co-operation necessary to make his work a decided success.

THE TROOPS AT HARRISBURG.

Every county in the State is said to be represented. Camp Curtin is filled, the Capitol grounds, the Capitol, court-houses, school-houses and other public buildings are occupied by soldiers. Every part of the State seems to be roused by a proper spirit of patriotism and State pride. Gen. Reynolds is employed diligently in organizing the troops into regiments and brigades, to be forwarded to Chambersburg as fast as possible. Five regiments, equipped, and a battery, including the Home Guards from Philadelphia, went south to Chambersburg on Tuesday night. One regiment, the First, is in the neighborhood, probably participating in the operations against the rebels. It is reported that the number of troops who have responded to the Governor's call, now amounts to 72,000 men, and that the number will be increased to 100,000. This is an army of itself, equal to the force the rebels are reported to have in Maryland.

WAR ITEMS OF THE WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 17, 1862.

Battle of South Mountain—Death of General Reno.

The details of the battle of South Mountain show that the victory gained by our forces was not been exaggerated. During the forenoon of Sunday the firing was by artillery. At about 12 o'clock Gen. Reno's corps were ordered to ascend the mountain on the left and make a demonstration on the enemy's flank, but they did not get into action until 3. The fighting for a time was very severe, and resulted in our forces obtaining possession of that portion of the ridge. The loss on both sides in this engagement was considerable. Gen. Hooker, commanding McDowell's corps and the Pennsylvania Reserve, engaged the left of the enemy about two hours before sunset, and met with endire success. The enemy was driven before him with great loss. Gen. Gibbon's brigade got into action soon after dark, and also forced the enemy back about a mile, when it was relieved by a portion of Sumner's corps, who held the position during the night. The rebel troops engaged consisted of Longstreet's, D. H. Hill's, and A. P. Hill's corps. Under cover of night they retreated to Boonsboro', and thence southward, and commenced crossing the Potomac above and below Sheppardstown. Our forces rapidly followed in pursuit, Gen. Hooker marching by way of Boonsboro', supported by Sumner and Banks, Porter's and Reno's corps taking a shorter road over the mountain, and Franklin's corps, supported by Couch's division proceeded through Burkittsville Gap, and striking the road leading direct from Boonsboro' to Harper's Ferry, and thence moving in the direction of the latter place and gaining Elk Ridge mountain, which flanked the enemy's position. Gen. Hooker captured one thousand prisoners during the morning; Porter's and Reno's corps scured several hundred before sundown.

Stonewall Jackson crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on Thursday, 11th instant, and marched towards Harper's Ferry, which place he invested. On Saturday he captured Maryland Heights on the North and Loudon Heights on the South side of the river. The next day he attacked the ferry, but was repulsed. At daylight Monday morning he renewed the attack, and opened from seven different directions. After two hours fighting Col. Miles displayed the white flag. About the same time a piece of shell struck him in the leg, and, notwithstanding the member was amputated, he died during the night. Our entire force, numbering about eleven thousand, was captued. Our loss in killed and wounded did not exceed two hundred.

A stringent order has been issued enforcing the absolute necessity of reducing the baggage trains of troops in the field. Officers will hereafter be allowed to carry only their ordinary mess chests and a valise or carpet bag. No trunks or boxes will be permitted on the baggage trains. Privates are prohibited from carrying carpet bags and boxes on their regimental wagons. These things are hereafter to be rejected from the wagons or cars, wherever found. A stop is also to be put to the carrying of sutlers' goods in regimental or quartermasters' wagons, under the guise of quartermaster and commissary stores. This, it is supposed, will reduce the trains one-third.

Eight thousand rebels and four of their batteries were captured on Monday by Gen. McClellan, who was pursuing the rebels toward Harper's Ferry and Sheppardstown, Va. General Howell Cobb is among the prisoners. The South Carolina Brigade was almost annihilated.

The First Regiment of the Philadelphia Gray Reserves and the Second of the Home Guards arrived at Harrisburg early on Tuesday morning. The Reserves paraded one thousand and fifteen men. They were reviewed by the Governor, who complimented them highly. They left for Chambersburg in the afternoon.

About two thousand paroled prisoners from Richmond reached Annapolis, Md., yesterday.

Surrender of Harper's Ferry—Death of Colonel Miles.

THURSDAY, Sept. 18, 1862.

A correspondent who escaped from Harper's Ferry the night after its capitulation (Monday), and who saw the whole of the fight there says, skirmishing commenced on Maryland Heights on Thursday afternoon, continuing three hours. The battle was renewed again on Friday morning at daybreak. Our forces held their ground until about noon, when, being flanked on the left, they were compelled to fall back to the large guns. Not long afterward these were spiked, and the whole command retreated down the mountain. On Sunday the enemy commenced a fierce cannonading from the Maryland and Loudon Heights, which was replied to by our forces. It continued until sunset, our guns holding their own in fine style. During Sunday night the rebels planted more guns, and in the morning opened in all directions upon our forces, drawn up in line of battle on Bolivar Heights. It appeared useless to contend against such overwhelming odds, our forces being surrounded by 100,000 men, and seven different batteries firing upon them. The white flag was raised at twenty minutes past 7 o'clock. But a few moments later Col. Miles was struck by a piece of shell, which carried away his left thigh. By the terms of capitulation, the officers were allowed to go paroled, with sidearms and private property, and the privates with everything save equipments and guns. The commands which surrendered were:

Col. Downye 3d Maryland	900	9th Vermont	800
Home Brigade	600	68th Illinois	400
Col. Madsby, 1st Md.	900	Graham's Battery	110
Home Brigade	900	McGrath's	115
15th New York	1,000	15th Indiana	143
12th New York	1,000	Philips's Battery	121
39th New York	530	Potts' Battery	100
111th New York	1,000	Rigby's Battery	100
126th New York	1,000	Scattered companies	50
97th Ohio	650	Officers connected with	
12th New York S. M.	500	Headquarters and	
8th Ohio	900	Commissary Dep't.	50

The following guns were surrendered:

12 3-inch rifles	4 12-pound howitzers.
6 James' rifles.	20 10-inch Dahlgrens.
6 24 pound howitzers	1 50-pound Parrot.
4 20-pound Parrot guns.	6 6-pound guns.
6 12-pounders.	

Three hundred and fifty will cover our loss in killed and wounded. Col. Sherrill, of the Twelfth, was shot badly in the mouth while gallantly urging forward his men. Several other staff and line officers were killed and wounded.

By this surrender the rebels captured not far from *twelve thousand* Union troops and *fifty* pieces of artillery; while we learn from other sources that military stores to the value of over a *million* of dollars were also suffered to fall into the hands of the enemy. Of the guns, only *seven* were spiked, while no attempt whatever was made to destroy the large quantity of supplies which had been collected there. Of the defence made by Col. Miles, there is little to be said. So far as personal courage was concerned, he left no ground for complaint. When the enemy came upon him he resisted until every commanding position had been successively occupied by the rebels, and he saw their batteries planted in such a manner as to render the entire destruction of his command only a matter of hours. The moment he saw that he could not resist with any hope of ultimate success, he surrendered. He stated in his own defence that he despaired of reinforcements for which he had sent repeatedly to Gen. McClellan, dispatching no less than *six* couriers on Saturday alone, and that further resistance would be only useless slaughter. But there is something very significant in the fact that the news of the surrender was received with intense and universal indignation by the great body of the soldiers under his command. Both officers and privates, as they descended the hills and came into the town at the summons of the white flag, vented freely their mortification, in bitter personal reproaches and execrations of the commanding officer. This fact is by no means conclusive against the necessity of the surrender; but it does show that the army itself had not begun to appreciate so keenly as did Col. Miles, the peril of instant and overwhelming destruction which alone could justify such a step.

The Sanitary Commission at Washington is going to give the names of sick and wounded soldiers in the hospitals, published at short intervals. Their address and condition will also be mentioned.

A Resume of the Last two Days' Fighting—Disposition of Forces—Heavy Lots of Men.

FRIDAY, Sept. 19, 1862.

A connected account of the movements of our army on Tuesday and Wednesday was received last night. Tuesday afternoon information was received that the enemy was recrossing the river and concentrating on the ridge of hills near Sharpsburg, and were disposed to engage our forces in battle. There was some artillery skirmishing during the day, resulting in the loss of about forty killed on our side. Gen. McClellan made the following disposition of his troops for the impending battle; Generals Hooker and Franklin's corps, with the Pennsylvania corps, on the right; Gen. Sumner's corps and Gen. Banks' division in the centre, Generals Porter and Burnside on the extreme left, and Gen. Pleasanton to support the centre with 2,500 cavalry and four batteries. In the afternoon Gen. Hooker crossed the Antietam Creek and about dusk got into action, which lasted two hours, the enemy being driven back about half a mile, with considerable loss. At dawn the battle was renewed on the centre and right by Hooker and Sumner, who, after an hour's fighting, drove the enemy back a mile. The latter soon rallied and regained the ground with terrible loss. At this time Hooker was wounded, and the command devolved upon Sumner. The latter then ordered an advance and regained the lost ground and a quarter of a mile more. In this struggle Gen. Mansfield was shot through the lungs, and died soon after. During this time the troops under Burnside and Porter drove the enemy from the line of Antietam Creek, on the main road to Sharpsburg, and, having rebuilt a bridge, occupied the opposite side of the creek. Sykes' brigade aided by Sumner's troops, then drove the enemy from the range of hills on the right with considerable loss, and at five o'clock all the enemy's positions were carried except the one on the left of the creek. Burnside's troops then charged and took it, but were compelled to retire before superior numbers. Night set in and hostilities ceased by mutual consent, after fighting from 5 A. M. until 7 P. M. without a moment's cessation. The loss was heavy on both sides. Ours will probably reach ten thousand, and that of the enemy will not exceed it. Nearly all of the enemy's dead fell into our hands. When Gen. Hooker fell, Gen. McClellan proceeded to the right, and was most enthusiastically received. He was in the centre and on the left as well as giving directions, and was in his tent that night for the first time after leaving Frederick. We took some 1,500 prisoners, while the enemy took but few.

It is now ascertained that there were surrendered at Harper's Ferry 11,583 troops and fifty pieces of artillery.

At Cincinnati, General Lew. Wallace has been relieved from his command and been ordered to report at Columbus, Ohio, the command at Cincinnati being assumed by General A. J. Smith. The rebels have commenced retreating, burning the railroad bridges as they go.

The U. S gunboat Essex has returned to New Orleans after a cruise up the Mississippi river, during which she destroyed Bayou Sara, silenced a rebel battery at Port Hudson, and shelled Natchez until the U. S. flag was hoisted.

Reported Complete Union Victory—The Rebels driven back to Virginia—Surrender of Mumfordsville.

SATURDAY, Sept. 20, 1862.

The Army of the Potomac is again victorious. Despatches from Gen. McClellan were yesterday received announcing that the enemy was being driven across the Potomac, having abandoned his position Thursday night, and leaving his dead and wounded upon the field. It appears that Thursday was occupied in burying the dead and caring for the wounded. A flag of truce was received from the enemy soliciting permission to bury his dead, and the request was complied with. A despatch from Washington says that reports are current that our forces have overtaken the enemy's rear-guard and captured many prisoners. In the various battles we have had killed Generals Reno, Mansfield, Miles and French, and wounded Generals Hooker, Sumner, Sedgwick, Dana, Meagher, Ricketts, Hartsuff, Rodman and Duryea.

Adjutant Stanton, of the Seventeenth Indiana Regiment, who escaped from Mumfordsville, Ky., on Wednesday, reports that the garrison there, numbering from four thousand to five thousand men, including one company of cavalry, and supported by nine pieces of artillery, surrendered on the morning of that day. It is estimated that the rebel forces, under General Bragg, numbered thirty thousand. The fighting must have been severe, as they acknowledge a loss of seven hundred on Sunday. Our loss in killed and wounded was fifty.

All the Pennsylvania militia at Chambersburg have been sent to Hagerstown and Boonsboro. A company from Lancaster refused to go over the State line, but being told by Gen. Reynolds that they would be disgraced forever if they refused, they finally marched along. Most of the troops are urgent to go forward and participate in the fighting. Governor Curtin is still at Hagerstown.

A Battle and a Victory in the West.

MONDAY, Sept. 22, 1862.

Another victory gained over the rebels in their territory in Mississippi. General Rosecrans, who commands a division of Buell's army, has been for some time threatened at Iuka by an attack from a rebel force which was gathering around him. This force was said to be under Price, and about 30,000 strong. It has been threatening Corinth, Jacinto, seventeen miles south, and Rienzi, sixteen miles southeast of Corinth. Price was at Boonsville, twenty miles south of Corinth, having come up from Tupelo, rebuilding bridges and repairing the railroad as he advanced. Rosecrans waited patiently, strengthening his force, and suddenly made an attack upon Price at Iuka, a few miles southeast of Corinth, and beat him badly, putting him to flight with heavy loss. Price is one of the best of the rebel Generals, and in Missouri showed great energy and military capacity, his movements generally being successful. He has now, however, met his superior, and has thus suffered accordingly. Price, Holmes, and Magruder are said to hold commands of divisions over which General Joseph E. Johnson, transferred from Richmond, has been put in chief command. This army is intended for operations west of the Mississippi, but the defeat of one of the divisions will derange the plans of the rebel General. One of their supposed intentions is to assault Butler.

A detachment of Col. Butler Price's cavalry, in a reconnoissance last week from Centreville, captured thirty-two rebel soldiers near Thoroughfare Gap.

The rebels have attacked the U. S. forces at Washington, N. C., and succeeded in taking the place, but were dislodged by the gunboats. During the action the gunboat Petrel blew up, killing her captain and eighteen men.

Gen. Sigel was not up the Potomac during the late campaign, his command being about Washington,

Rear Admiral Farragut reports officially that a ten gun rebel gunboat has been allowed to enter Mobile without being fired at by the United States blockading squadron, although she was seen and ineffectually chased. In consequence of this neglect the Navy Department has dismissed Commander Preble, the officer in command there, from the navy.

THE GREAT BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

THE BLOODIEST AND MOST STUBBORN CONTEST EVER FOUGHT ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

The following is the most graphic and full account of the great battle on Wednesday, in which 200,000 men were engaged. It is given by a correspondent of the New York Tribune:

BATTLEFIELD OF SHARPSBURG, Wednesday Evening, September 17, 1862.

A fierce and desperate battle between 200,000 men has raged since daylight, yet night closes on an uncertain field. It is the greatest fight since Waterloo—all over the field contested with an obstinacy equal even to Waterloo. If not wholly a victory to night, I believe it is the prelude to a victory to-morrow. But what can before told of the future of a fight in which, from 5 in the morning till 7 at night, the best troops of the continent have fought without decisive result?

After the brilliant victory near Middletown, Gen. McClellan pushed forward his army rapidly, and reached Keedysville with three corps on Monday night. On the day following, the two armies faced each other idly until night. Artillery was busy at intervals; once in the morning opening with spirit, and continuing for half an hour with vigor, till the rebel battery, as usual, was silenced.

McClellan was on the hill where Benjamin's battery was stationed and found himself suddenly under a rather heavy fire. It was still uncertain whether the rebels were retreating or reinforcing; their batteries would remain in position in either case, and as they had withdrawn nearly all their troops from view, there was only the doubtful indication of columns of dust to the rear.

On the evening of Tuesday, Hooker was ordered to cross the Antietam creek with his corps, and, feeling the left of the enemy, to be ready to attack next morning. During the day of apparent inactivity, McClellan had been maturing his plan of battle, of which Hooker's movement was one development.

The position on either side was peculiar. When Richardson advanced on Monday he found the enemy deployed and displayed in force on a crescent shaped ridge, the outline of which followed more or less exactly the course of Antietam creek. Their lines were then forming, and the revelation of force in front of the ground which they really intended to hold, was probably meant to delay our attack until their arrangements to receive it were complete.

During that day they kept their troops exposed, and did not move them even to avoid the artillery fire, which must have been occasionally annoying. Next morning the lines and columns which had darkened cornfield and hill crests, had been withdrawn. Broken and wooded ground behind the sheltering hills concealed the rebel masses. What from our front looked like only a narrow summit fringed with woods, was a broad table land of forest and ravine; cover for troops everywhere, nowhere easy of access for an enemy. The smoothly sloping surface in front and the sweeping crescent of slowly mingling lines was all a delusion. It was all a rebel stronghold beyond.

Under the bank of these hills runs the deep stream called Antietam creek, fordable only at distant points. Three bridges cross it, one on the Hagerstown road, one on the Sharpsburg pike, one to the left in a deep recess of steeply falling hills. Hooker passed the first, to reach the ford by which he crossed, and it was held by Pleasonton, with a reserve of cavalry, during the battle. The second was close under the rebel centre, and no way important to yesterday's fight. At the third Burnside attacked and finally crossed. Between the first and third lay most of the battle lines. They stretched four miles from right to left.

Unaided at each in front was impossible. McClellan's force lay behind them, disconnected ridges, in front of the rebel summits, all or nearly all unwooded. They gave some cover for artillery, and guns were therefore massed on the centre. The enemy had the Shepherdstown road and the Hagerstown and Williamsport road, both open to him in rear for retreat. Along one or the other, if beaten, he must fly. This, among other reasons determined, perhaps, the plan of battle which McClellan finally resolved on.

The plan was generally as follows: Hooker was to cross on the right, establish himself on the enemy's left, if possible, flanking his position, and to open the fight. Sumner, Franklin and Mansfield were to send their forces also to the right, co-operating with and sustaining Hooker's attack, while advancing also nearer the centre. The heavy work in the centre was left mostly to the batteries—Porter massing his infantry support in the hollows. On the left Burnside was to carry the bridge and ford referred to, advancing then by a road which enters the pike at Sharpsburg, hurting at once the rebel flank, and destroying his line of retreat. Porter and Sykes were held in reserve. It is obvious that the complete success of a plan contemplating widely different movements of separate corps, must largely depend on a concerted timing that the attack should be simultaneous and not successive.

Hooker moved Tuesday afternoon at four, crossing the creek at a ford above the bridge and well to the right, without opposition. Fronting south-west, his line advanced nearly quite on the rebel flank but overlapping and three ending it. Turning off from the road after passing the stream he sent forth cavalry skirmishers straight into the woods and over the fields beyond. Rebel pickets withdrew slowly before them, firing scattering and harmless shots.

Turning again to the left, the cavalry went down on the rebel flank, coming suddenly close to a battery, which met them with unexpected grape and canister. It being the motive of cavalry to retire before batteries, the company loyally followed the law of its being, and came swiftly back without pursuit.

Artillery was sent to the front, infantry was rapidly deployed, and skirmishers went out in front and on either flank. The corps moved forward compactly, Hooker, as usual, reconnoitering in person. They came at last to an open grass sown field inclosed on two sides with wood, protected on the right by a hill, and entered through a cornfield in the rear. Skirmishers entering these woods were instantly met by the rebel shots, but held their ground, and as soon as supported advanced and cleared the timber. Beyond, on the left and front, volleys of musketry opened heavily, and a battle seemed to have begun a little sooner than it was expected.

Gen. Hooker formed his lines with precision and without hesitation. Rickett's division went into the woods on the left in force. Meade, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, formed in the centre. Doubleday was sent out on the right, planting his batteries on the hill, and opening at once on a rebel battery that began to enfilade the central line. It was already dark, and the rebel position could only be discovered by the flashes of their guns. They pushed forward boldly on the right, after losing ground on the other flank, but made no attempt to regain their hold on the woods. The fight flashed and glimmered and faded, and finally went out in the dark.

Hooker had found out what he wanted to know. When the firing ceased, the hostile lines lay close to each other—their pickets so near that six rebels were captured during the night. It was inevitable that the fight should recommence at daylight. Neither side had suffered considerable loss—it was a skirmish, not a battle. "We are through for the night," remarked the General, "but to-morrow we fight the battle that will decide the fate of the republic."

Not long after the firing ceased, it sprang up again on the left. Gen. Hooker, who had taken up his head-quarters in a barn, which had been nearly the focus of the rebel artillery, was on the spot. First came a rapid and unusually frequent picket shots, then several heavy volleys. The General listened a moment and smiled grimly. "We have no troops there. The troops are shooting each other. Fair Oaks over again." So every body lay down again, but all the night through there were frequent alarms.

McClellan had been informed of the night's work, and of the certainties awaiting the dawn. Sumner was ordered to move his corps at once, and was expected to be on the ground at daylight. From the evening gun of the day delivered in the evening, it was plain that they had gathered their whole army behind the Heights and were waiting for the shock.

The battle began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look each other in the eyes. The left of Mead's Reserves, and the right of Ricketts' line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward behind the central woods, over a ploughed field, near the top of the slope where the corn field began. It was in open field, in the corn beyond and in the woods which stepped forward into the broad fields, like a promontary into the ocean, was the hardest and deadliest struggle of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to full strength, the line of fire swayed neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their General everywhere in front, never away from the fire, and all the troops believed in their commander, and fought with a will. Two-thirds of them were the same men who under McDowell had broken at Manassas.

The half hour passed, the rebels began to give way a little, only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire, Forward, was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the cornfield, leaving dead and wounded upon the ground, and across the road, and then back again into the dark woods which closed around them went the retreating rebels.

Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast—followed till they came within easy range of the woods among which they saw their broken enemy disappearing—followed it, with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

But out of those gloomy woods came, suddenly and heavily, terrible volleys—volleys which smote, and bent and broke, in a moment, that eager front, and hurled the fiercely pressing line back half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, nor in panic, any further. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away—a regiment where a brigade had been—hardly a brigade where a whole division had been victorious. They had met from the woods the first volleys of musketry from the rebels—had met their fire and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed—it was the rebels now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the corn fields from which their comrades had just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade to meet them, but it could not do the work. He called for another. There was nothing close enough, unless he took it from his right. His right might be in danger if it was weakened but his centre was already threatened with annihilation. Not hesitating one moment, he sent to Doubleday:—"Give me your best brigade instantly."

The best brigade came down the hill to the right on the run, went through the timber in front through a storm of shot and bursting shell and crashing limbs, over the open field beyond, and straight into the cornfield, passing as they went the fragments of three brigades shattered by the rebel fire, and streaming to the rear. They passed by Hooker, whose eyes lighted as he saw these veteran troops led by a soldier whom he knew he could trust. "I think they will hold it," he said.

Gen. Hartsuff took his troops very steadily, but now that they were under fire, not hurriedly, up the hill from which the corn field begins to descend, and formed them on the crest. Not a man who was not in full view—not one who bent before the storm. Firing in the first volleys, they fired them at will with wonderful rapidity and effect. The whole line crowned the hill, and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and shrouded ever in flame and smoke. These were the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts and another regiment, which I cannot remember—old troops all of them.

There for half an hour they held the ridge unyielding in purpose, exhaustless in courage. There were gaps in the line, but it nowhere faltered. Their General was wounded badly early in the fight, but they fought on. Their support did not come—they were alone with the rebels before them. They began to go down the hill and into the corn; they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field and they won it. The reb

RMY AND NAVY.

APPOINTMENT OF MIDSHIPMEN.—The President, in accordance with a late law, has appointed the following midshipmen, he being authorized to select two from the District of Columbia, and ten at large, and three yearly selected from boys enlisted in the navy at large:

Wm. F. Hall, District of Columbia; Albert P. Robinson, New York; Lyman G. Spaulding, New Hampshire; Thomas G. Wells, Connecticut; Edmund M. Smith, Maryland; Dyson L. Wilson, District of Columbia; John E. Pinbury, Massachusetts; Lewis W. Frost, Massachusetts; Edward Lurzoe Armery, Massachusetts; Robert H. Bushnell, Illinois.

Enlisted boys appointed—Thomas S Flood, Wm. Coates, Frederic M. Wise.

The following officers have been ordered to the steam sloop-of-war Mohican:—Capt J. B. Marchand, Lieut. R K. Duer, Acting Master B Ely, Boatswain, G. C. Abbott; Gunner, — Arrold.

THE DOLLAR NEWSPAPER.

PHILADELPHIA:

Wednesday Morning, September 24, 1862.

TERMS

Of Subscription to the Dollar Newspaper,

PAYABLE INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE:

To Single Subscribers, one year	$1 00
Club of Six	5 00
Club of Thirteen	10 00
Club of Twenty, and one to the getter up of the Club	15 00
Club of Thirty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	25 00
Club of Fifty-four, and one to the getter up of the Club	40 00
Club of Eighty, and one to the getter up of the Club	60 00
Club of One Hundred, and one to the getter up of the Club	75 00

ADVERTISEMENTS

Inserted at Twenty-five Cents a line, each insertion.

TO READERS AND WRITERS.

THE DEPARTED" and "THE MAIDEN'S LOVE LAY," by Mrs. C. H. C, we have filed for early publication. Directions have been given to have the request of the writer complied with.

"YOUNG," by W. G. S., we have filed for publication.

EASTERN VS. WESTERN FARMS.

The New York Sun, under the title of "A New Country for the Poor Man," has the following sensible remarks:

"The railroads through the southern part of New Jersey are opening up to farming resources a large section of country, quite at the door of its largest attaching cities, which bode fair, in a short time, to compete with the Western States for the tide of European emigration which now sets in that direction. Commencing below Monmouth County, which is nearly at the centre of the State, there are immense tracts of land covered with pine trees and undergrowth, and from that cause known as "The Pines," which have been held at prices wonderful low, the location being considered. In years gone by, much of it could have been purchased at from half a dollar to three dollars per acre. At the present time, the value of this land has been enhanced by the completed railroads, until it ranges from five to fifteen dollars per acre. The land is covered with a thin coating of white sand, which gives a forbidding aspect, but, which, after being worked over does not seriously impede growing crops. Large beds of marl, which are found upon the line of the railroad, add in producing fertility and with it some of the poorest sections of farming land in Monmouth County have become the finest farms in the State.

"The Delaware and Raritan Bay Railroad has just been completed. Leaving Port Monmouth, which is on the opposite side of the bay from the lower edge of Staten Island, this Railroad strikes in a southerly direction along the Atlantic coast of New Jersey, affording speedy transit to Long Branch, Barnegat Bay and all the favorite resorts for sea baths, fishing, gunning and other sports and after leaving the coast intersects this large expanse of cheap land, in which Manchester lies, at about the centre, and continues its course through the whole Camden and Atlantic Railroad, which extends from Philadelphia, across New Jersey, eastward to the Atlantic.

"Here is a section of country, with a climate warmer than that of New York or Philadelphia, within a few hours direct railroad communication to each of these large cities, free from the chills and fever incident to the Delaware valley, while in every respect perfectly healthy, where the price of land is so low as to be within the reach of every industrious poor man. It is worth the while of the poor and those well off to look into this, before going thousands of miles to the westward to expend the same money upon lands which are far removed from the great markets of the country. Here the freight upon their produce to market must be slight; this alone materially reduces the profit on its cultivation. We do not profess to be farmers, but it strikes us that this section of land offers real inducements to settlers."

In addition to the regions of country opened to cultivation and to productive agriculture by the construction of the New Jersey railroads to the Eastern part of that State, very large tracts of timbered land, possessing all the advantages and enjoying all the facilities of an easy outlet to market, noticed above by the "Sun," of the result of the opening of railroads in East Jersey, were opened a few years ago in the western section of the State by the construction of the Camden and Atlantic Railroad, and more recently by the opening of the West Jersey Railroad to Millville, in Cumberland County. On the line of the Atlantic road we have thousands of acres of unoccupied land, easily reclaimed to agricultural purposes, and in all the distance from Waterford, some twenty miles east from Philadelphia, to the ocean, there have been established three or four considerable settlements, and thousands of acres of land which have laid for years wild in woods and swamp, are now covered with growing crops, and flourishing with fruits and flowers. On the line of the West Jersey Railroad, the settlement of a "Vineland" has been laid out on a vast tract of woodland, only some twenty-five miles Southeast from Philadelphia, which is fast filling up with thriving farmers. This tract of land is a gravelly loam, covered with light timber, which is easily cleared off. The land is easily cultivated, admirably adapted to the production of fruits and vegetables, and being within easy railroad distance of two of the largest cities in the country, it can always have the best markets of the world for such productions. Those seeking a favorable field for agricultural labor, need not subject themselves to a wearying journey to the richer regions of the far West, where they must necessarily be subjected to many privations in living, and cut off from the advantages of schools, churches and the civilization in which much of their lives have been spent, besides leaving relatives and friends probably forever. There are many inducements in becoming resident farmers on the Western borders, but they are such as mainly centre in posterity. Parents who choose to ignore self, and to live only for the ability of giving to their children farms, are likely to gain their purpose by moving far West; but if present comfort and the greater refinement of education and association that results from a life spent in the older States and in the vicinity of the larger cities, receive the consideration to which they are fairly entitled, there would be fewer Western emigrants than there are, and many more smaller farmers near home. In this view of the matter the cheaper, lighter lands of New Jersey and Delaware are worthy consideration.

STEALING FRUIT.

The other day, a gentleman retiring from business proposed planting out a considerable number of the finest fruit trees at his residence out of the city, but he was dissuaded from it by the confidential urged by a friend, that the boys and men would be sure to steal so large a proportion that it would be a continual source of irritation and disappointment. That very gentleman had to transplant a whole peach and apple orchard to another portion of his farm as the only hope of saving the fruit from the encroachment of thieves. In the city the grapes and dwarf pears suffer.

There are indeed laws against such depredators, and fines of fifty dollars or imprisonment, but no one seems to like to put the law in force, and it is not every man's neighbors who feel the wrong that is done to the whole community by such abstraction. What matter a few apples more or less to a man who has a whole orchard? On the other hand let facts like the following be well considered. This State of Pennsylvania, by virtue of its soil and climate, is capable of being a very garden spot of the world for fruits. Without hot houses we can grow peaches and plums, and apricots and nectarines, melons, grapes, apples and pears of the very finest quality, to say nothing of those earlier and smaller fruits, such as strawberries, raspberries, currants and cherries. Yet the depredations annually committed on the gardens are, in many places, so extensive as to render it not only unprofitable, but a source of actual disappointment and pain to attempt the culture of the finer and earlier sorts of fruit, for these chiefly attract the attention of the rogues.

Most of what is stolen is stolen before it is ripe, and thus has not even a quarter of its true value, in any sense, even to the thief. Much is wasted and destroyed and thrown away, to satisfy the wants of the spoiler. But that is the least part of the public loss. Those who have the best taste and most enterprise in procuring and cultivating such fruit being utterly discouraged one after another, and the State, instead of advancing, in many parts of it absolutely supposed to be retrograding in these sorts of productions. In peaches and in apples the quantity and quality is supposed to be rather on the decrease. If the reason is asked, the reply is ready—"It is not worth while, they would all be stolen." To keep a savage dog, high walls over which one cannot see, or constant watchers, is too great a penalty, and therefore it is that our fruit culture is not increased on the millions of acres on which it could be profitably done but for this drawback. It is the poor who suffer by all this even more than the rich. These latter can and will have nurseries and gardeners, and hot houses, and high walls, and the best fruits, if they choose. But unless the best kinds are *generally* cultivated the poor never see them, nor hear of them, nor get the seeds nor the roots from which they spring and are multiplied through the country. Were fruit culture generally attended to all through the mining districts, nothing would be more easy than to render the best sorts within the reach of the poorest, and our markets would be better.

The penalties which we have to pay thus far dishonestly are so great that almost any measures taken to check it would be a blessing. If all the societies for promoting fruit culture were to take the matter in hand, just as they study the habits of the curculio with a view to counteracting them, not a little might be accomplished. Perhaps half the mischief arises from mere thoughtlessness and ignorance of the distinction between right and wrong in this matter. A more exact moral culture in schools, in Sabbath schools, and in Christian congregations, would be far more valuable than disquisitions on doctrine, or the geography and history of times and matters three thousand years ago, which often shoot quite over the heads of those to whom they are directed. Could the consequences but be fully realized in the sense of insecurity often created by the stealing of a single bunch of grapes, we believe that many who now take fruit for fun would turn round and set their faces against it. But who will correct public sentiment and how shall the enlightenment be effected?

PROSPECTS FOR WHEAT.

Into Portugal all kinds of breadstuffs are to be admitted duty free until April, 1863, is important just now in its way, as an indication of a similar scarcity to a certain extent in Europe. For a year or two past food crops have been short in France, but the Government not only concealed the facts, but published false reports, and then sent agents who bought up immense quantities of breadstuffs before the deficiency was discovered by men in this country. It was a cute trick for once. But this time the report that the French harvest has been the best for ten years is to be received with the recollection of a past deception of this kind. Portugal we know now has made a greater concession than ever before, by admitting, not only wheat and other grain, duty free as in former times of scarcity, but flour, and even bread already manufactured.

In Russia and most other parts of Europe the crops have greatly failed, so that there will doubtless be ample demand for our crops at remunerative prices. England consumes this year three hundred thousand bushels *a day* more than she can raise, and the more we produce the more dependent does she annually become on us for provisions. To us this wheat is equivalent to just an equal value in gold, which it saves in the country, rendering the balance of trade so much better for us, and thereby improving just now our credit and our currency abroad. In addition to this, the "Country Gentleman," in a recent number, ably remarks that this sort of increasing exportation of food is the best of all kinds of peaceable preparation for war. Men cannot afford to go to war with the country that supplies them with bread. They can live without cotton; indeed, they cannot eat it. But food they must have, and must eat or starve. An army has been compared to a serpent in this, that it goes upon its belly. This is not less true of a nation in the same sense. Great Britain cannot afford to make war upon us while dependent on us for supplies of food.

Thus far it has seemed as if all the men who have been drawn away to the war, have not sensibly diminished the quantity of wheat sown. The improvements in machinery have more than made up for the farmers who have left their fields to enter on this war. Perhaps the fall sowing this September may in a few instances suffer from this last call for fifty thousand men, to repel the threatened foul invasion of our own State. Yet much, perhaps most of the wheat is already sown, and even springing up four or five inches above the ground. But let every acre that can be, be sown without delay. It is the best method of preparing alike for peace or for war. It is the only source of true independence, the most universal of currency throughout all the world and all generations, the foundation of all wealth, and therefore of civilization and improvement The States in rebellion have clearly failed to raise sufficient supplies for their armies, and hence the desperate condition to which they have been reduced by the want of food, and those raids in quest of plunder which must demoralize and destroy their strength and discipline.

Let it be borne in mind that war not only lays waste fences and destroys fruitful fields, but causes a consumption of food fully double to what the same number of men would occasion in the peaceful walks of home. They eat more; they waste more. Vast stores of provisions have to be accumulated beforehand at different points, which they may or may not ever reach. And on many occasions these supplies have to be destroyed, with a change in position of an army, to prevent them falling into the hands of an enemy.

There is no question, then, that, bountiful as our harvests have been this past season, there will be a full demand for all that we can raise for coming years; and the greater the breadth of wheat, especially sown this fall, or in spring places in the coming spring, the greater will be not only the wealth of the country, but its security from the greatest calamities of war—its respect in the eyes of all the nations of the earth, which never yet has produced a people able to carry on such a war and export such quantities of food as we have done.

WHAT THE REBELS EXPECTED.

The comments of the Richmond press and the tone of the debate in the rebel Congress upon the invasion of the North, show how high are the hopes inspired by their late advantages over Gen. Pope. Nothing short of carrying the war into the loyal States, and permanently occupying them for hostile purposes, will satisfy these inspired and exulting rebels. The least intimation by the more cautious leaders that the experiment is rather dangerous, considering that there is population enough in the loyal States to eat them up, and in Pennsylvania alone enough fighting men to outnumber their whole army, is received with disdain. The prowess of the rebel braves is equal to taking possession of the entire North and holding the most favored spots for their own delectation. "Do you believe you could go safely into the heart of the North?" inquired one dubious rebel of a garrulous South Carolinian, who was addressing the rebel Congress. "Yes," was the reply. "Give Jackson one half our present army, and although there were six hundred thousand men in the field, he would drive them all before him."

This shows great confidence in themselves and in Jackson, scarcely warranted, however, by the exploits of one who has been beaten by Shields, chased by Fremont, defeated by Kearney and Stevens, and who, in all probability, has just suffered a wholesome castigation at the hands of McClellan. This confidence may be all properly placed, and may be in unison with the "daring" principle upon which revolutions would seem to depend for their success. But events just now occurring would seem to shake it a little and show the unforeseen difficulties in the way of carrying out the new rebel policy. To such full-blown hopes of success, the first shock which the intelligence of the defeat in Middletown valley will produce in the rebel mind will be terribly painful and depressing, heightened, too, by the discovery that the invincible Jackson has been compelled to submit to the correction administered by McClellan with becoming impartiality to all the rebel generals.

No matter what the final issue of the contest on the Potomac may be, whether McClellan succeeds in annihilating the rebels, or they defeat him, the prospect of invading Pennsylvania successfully would not be a very hopeful one to the rebel Congress, if they were suddenly transferred from Richmond to Harrisburg as spectators of the spirit which the mere possibility of an invasion has aroused throughout our State. Every town, city and hamlet is ready with its volunteers to defend the State. In a few days there will be 50,000 men ready to answer the Governor's call, and as many more are behind, ready to step forward if their services are needed. In Ohio, it is the same thing. Seventy-five thousand volunteers are assembled in that vicinity to resist the threatened advance of the rebels from Kentucky. These two States alone are able therefore to put, in a couple of weeks' time, a force in the field nearly equal to the rebel invading army, and without touching the regular forces previously sent to the war. Each of these States is therefore able of itself to see that no enemy puts his foot upon its soil without suffering for his temerity. Governor Curtin has done wisely in summoning the yoemanry of the State to its defence on the first sign of danger. The answer to his call will show the power and resources of the State and the spirit of the people. The troops assembled will not only secure the State from invasion, but they will give increased confidence to the Government at Washington and increased vigor, for it cannot with its whole force against the rebel army, unembarassed by any danger to the surrounding localities. The whole additional force raised by Ohio and Pennsylvania, may, upon an emergency, be made to act with the armies of Virginia and the West, and drive the rebel armies out of the field

CITY COUNCILS.

On Thursday last, the City Councils received a communication from Gen. Pleasanton, commanding the Home Guard, recommending Councils to provide for the families of the militia men now in service, or who may hereafter be. An ordinance passed both Councils appropriating $25,000 to repair culverts destroyed by the late flood. Also an ordinance making an appropriation of $50,000 to repair damages to the Spring Garden water works, caused by the same flood. The Defence Committee reported that under the ordinance appropriating $50,000 to equip the militia called into the State service they had purchased and distributed equipments and uniforms amounting to $40,000 to the Home Guard, Reserves, National Guard, and others. They asked for more money, and an ordinance making an additional appropriation of $50,000 was passed. Ordinances were also passed to raise a loan of $500,000 to pay the bounties for the enlistment of volunteers, and another loan of $300,000 to support the families of volunteers.

MAJOR-GENERAL JESSE L. RENO, who fell at the battle in Middletown Valley, on Sunday, was a resident of Pennsylvania, though born in Virginia, and a graduate of West Point. He was a captain of ordnance when the war broke out, but was made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and was attached to Burnside's command. He showed rare qualities as a General in the engagements in North Carolina, and was a soldier who enjoyed the confidence as he inspired the courage of his soldiers. He had gained considerable reputation in the Mexican war for his courage and ability, and was wounded at Chapultepec. General Burnside regarded him as one of his most valuable and reliable officers.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the *Walnut* Street Theatre Mrs. Waller continues her engagement through the present week. She is an energetic actress, and certainly never falls behind her part. Her tendency is naturally to overdo, and this was more than manifest in her new drama of "Sybil," which seems to have been written with special reference to her peculiar style of exaggeration, consequently such a play only makes her errors more conspicuous. Mrs. W. is a lady evidently of mind and information. She possesses, too, more than ordinary knowledge of stage business and dramatic effects, and with such advantages appears most favorably in quieter walks wholly outside of sensational parts. As to the drama of "Sybil," it is ridiculously improbable in its incidents, crude in plot and most common-place in language—positively trashy. Mrs. W. throws away her talent in giving her time to any such plays as "Sybil." A lady who can read Shakspeare, and play "Lady Macbeth" as she can, depreciates her own abilities, and indifferently compliments her audience by presenting herself before them in "Sybil."

At the *Arch* street theatre, Miss Jane Coombs continues her star engagement this week. She opened the present week with the new Comedy, "The World of Fashion." Miss C. is a very clever actress, a woman of lady-like bearing, and is likely to become popular.

The *Continental* theatre, with its varied entertainments, is doing better than almost ever before, attracting nightly, as it does, good and intelligent audiences. The singing by Mad. D'Ormy and Mad. Von Berkel, and the dancing by Gallett, are of a superior order.

At the *Eleventh St. Opera House* burlesque is done up most effectively. The acting is varied by comic singing, and the usual extravaganza that attends the performances of negro serenaders is a part of each evening's entertainment.

At the *Assembly Building*, Abel & Co. will present every evening this week a very attractive, interesting and instructive exhibition. With their wonderful instrument, the "Stereopticon," which comprises the latest improvements in optical mechanism, the exhibitors produce a phonographic picture upon illuminated canvas, four hundred square feet, with stereoscopic effect. The views presented are of the most celebrated places and objects of historical interest in America and Europe.

NEWS AND NOTINGS.

The body of General Reno was embalmed at Baltimore.

☞ Gen. Bohlen's son died at Baden-Baden on the same day the General was killed, August 22.

☞ The Cape Cod cranberry crop is being disposed of at from $7 50 to $9 per barrel.

☞ G. Francis Train lectured on Monday of this week, at the Academy of Music, before a very crowded audience.

☞ Hon. John F. Potter has been renominated for Congress in the first district of Wisconsin.

☞ Jeff. Davis' thanksgiving will not be a cheerful one, and "Maryland, my Maryland" will hardly inspire a cheerful chorus.

☞ It is said that about thirty acres of soldiers rallied, in less than a week, for the defence of Harrisburg, Pa.

☞ Dr. Thomas M. Pope, of Alton, Ill., has been arrested for treason. He is brother-in-law to Gen. Pope.

☞ The Montreal Commercial announces that Hon. Charles S. Morehead, of Kentucky, passed through that city Friday, *en route* for Europe.

☞ Prentice says, no doubt, our army at Washington became considerably "demoralized," while under Pope, for it was sadly misled.

☞ Mason and Slidell are said to be on the point of returning to America. It is thought that Com. Wilkes, in his flying squadron, may renew his acquaintance with them.

☞ A fire in Buffalo, on Friday, destroyed over thirty valuable buildings, stored with thousands of bushels of wheat, corn and oats. Loss $500,000.

☞ Gen. Pope is stopping at every other town to make speeches. Let him stop. Anything which keeps him from the field benefits the country.

☞ The Hon. Mathias H. Nichols, who for six years represented the IVth Ohio Congressional District in the House, died in Cincinnati, on Monday.

☞ A gentleman in Philadelphia gave a tenant of his, to go as a substitute for his son, a house free of all incumbrances, worth $1500. His wife and family have the property now in their possession.

☞ In Rochester, N. Y., last week, a deserter from the U. S. army being closely pursued, fled into a restaurant and took refuge under the cook's crinoline. The officers overlooked him and he is at large.

☞ Since Illinois poured forth her myriads so gloriously for the support of the Union cause, Prentice says her soubriquet has been changed by general consent from the Sucker State to the Succor State.

☞ Thomas Carlyle lately made the following characteristic utterance with reference to the American war: "It is," said he, "the dirtiest chimney that's been afire this century, and the best way is *to let it burn itself out.*"

☞ When the rebel army came North, they came jubilantly singing, My Maryland! My Maryland! but after a short interview with General McClellan they changed the tune to, Oh! carry me back to Old Virginny.

☞ The Richmond Enquirer says:—"The earnest desire of the people of the Confederate States for peace is known to the North. Whenever the United States are prepared to have peace, it can be obtained upon proper terms."

☞ There were 248 deaths in this city in the week ending on Saturday last, of which 118 were adults and 130 were children. There were 53 from consumption of the lungs; 9 from cholera infantum; 14 from convulsions; 5 from diptheria; 15 from diarrhœa; 3 from disease of the heart 14 from debility; 2 from dysentery; 11 from typhoid fever; 7 from inflammation of the brain; 9 from inflammation of the lungs; 11 from marasmus; and 8 from gunshot wounds.

☞ The Fashions opened in New York on Tuesday. We are told that bonnets are not only made in two colors, but often in two materials, and that the most elegant combination is velvet and satin. A dark gray velvet front, for example, has a puffed crown of groiselle satin, surmounted with a fan, and barbes of black Chantilly lace, which extend to the tip ornaments, black cock's feathers, tipped with groiselle black strings, edged with groiselle.

☞ Vanity Fair has a capital picture this week called "British Neutrality." It represents Aminidab Sleek Bull in full costume conversing with a Union naval officer. He says: "No, sir; I am the head of a Serious Family, and we are strictly neutral; therefore I cannot allow your vessel—the Tusky-roarer, I think!—to make 'erself at 'ome in any of our ports"—and slyly receives from a mangy secesh agent an order for the construction of iron-clad rebel ships.

☞ Little Crow, Chief of the hostile Sioux, has sent a letter to Colonel Sibley, asking for terms of peace, and saying that his white prisoners are well treated in his own people. Friendly letters have also been received from other Sioux chiefs, who denounce Little Crow as the author of all the troubles. It is evident that the Sioux are divided and quarrelling. Colonel Sibley requests Little Crow to give up his prisoners, and tells the others that he will meet them. The Chippewas have made a treaty of peace, and are more friendly and better satisfied than for many years.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

DENNEAD'S MALT HOUSE, in Baltimore, was destroyed by fire on Sunday night, involving a loss of $25,000 to $30,000.

GEN. FREMONT has made an affidavit that, with the exception of certain claims on the Mariposa mines, he owns no property.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL FAIR, of Pennsylvania, has been postponed till next year "on account of the unhappy military condition of the country."

BRECKINRIDGE'S NEPHEW.—A nephew of Breckinridge has enlisted in the Eleventh Illinois. He expressed the amiable hope that a bullet shot from his rifle should lay his traitor uncle low.

THE PARIS MONITEUR UNIVERSAL says:—"The new motive power invented by M. Lenoir, of Paris, by the agency of which the expansion of air by gas lighted by means of electricity, has realized all the hopes we formed of it. A machine of six horse power, with double cylinder, now works the presses of the Moniteur."

THE LAWRENCE JOURNAL says a farmer, belonging to Salem, N. H., drove an ox-team, burdened with wood, into the city on Sunday morning lately, supposing all the time that it was Saturday. He discovered his mistake when no customers appeared to buy his fuel, and he "hawbucked" his team out of the city at once.

PIRACY ON THE IRISH COAST.—A regular case of piracy had occurred on the Northwest Coast of Ireland. A schooner from Liverpool for Galway, with Indian corn, was boarded off Blacksod Bay, by a party of about forty men from five boats. The men took possession for a time, and on their departure carried off in their boats about twelve or fifteen tons of corn.

SINGULAR HABEAS CORPUS CASE.—A habeas corpus case has just been heard in Pittsburg, of which the facts are as follows:—A young man, named Lanigan, enlisted in Capt Pearson's company, and his father had him brought before court, on a writ of habeas corpus when his discharge was asked for on the ground that he was not yet eighteen. The father was put upon the stand and produced a Bible, in which he stated he had entered his son's name at the time of his birth. From the record, it appeared that the boy was born in 1845, but upon examining the Bible, it was discovered that it was not printed till 850 or five years after the time the entry of the lad's name was said to have been made! This settled the matter in the opinion of the judges, and the boy was ordered back to his company, while his father was held to bail in $500, to answer a charge of perjury at the next term of Court.

LATEST NEWS FROM McCLELLAN'S ARMY.

Stuart's Cavalry Cross into Maryland and then Return.

MARYLAND HEIGHTS OCCUPIED BY OUR TROOPS.

The Rebels Retreating from the Potomac.

THE WAR IN THE WEST.

BRAGG'S MAIN FORCE RETREATING SOUTH.

Surrender of Union Cavalry.

Important Proclamation by the President.

THE SLAVES OF REBELS PROCLAIMED FREE.

Latest from Gen McClellan's Army.

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF POTOMAC, Sunday evening, Sept. 21, 1862.

The firing heard last evening in the direction of Williamsport, turns out to have been a raid of Stuart's rebel cavalry.

He crossed on Friday night into Maryland at that point, with his cavalry, one regiment of infantry and seventeen pieces of artillery. The force sent up to drive him back arrived near the town late in the afternoon.

The firing heard was principally from the rebel guns. During the night they recrossed into Virginia, and this morning had disappeared. No one was hurt.

The burying of the dead is still continued at the rate of about 1000 per day. To morrow will probably finish it.

Maryland Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry, were yesterday occupied by a Union force.

The indications are that the rebels are continuing their retreat into the interior of Virginia, leaving the line of the Potomac.

Divine worship was held at head-quarters this evening, Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, officiating.

Gentlemen at Washington, from the battle-field on Saturday, say that our loss in the several battles in Maryland last week, will amount to about 15,000 in killed and wounded. Large numbers of straggling soldiers are scattered throughout the country in the neighborhood of Frederick and Hagerstown.

A gentleman who left Frederick on Friday morning, says that every house, stable and barn, within twelve miles of the battle-field, is filled with our wounded. A large number are at Frederick and Hagerstown. In some places booths have been constructed to protect the wounded from the weather.

The thirty prisoners captured by the reconnoitering party at Thoroughfare Gap, on Friday, were brought to this city yesterday, and sent to the Old Capitol Prison.

These prisoners say that when Gen. Ewell was apprised of the defeat of the rebels in Maryland, he at once ordered all hands to pack up and proceed towards Richmond. He left in an ambulance at 11 A. M. Our cavalry arrived at 3 P. M.

Gen. Ewell's leg had been amputated, and he was doing well. On learning that Lee had been whipped, he exclaimed: "It is all up, boys; pack up and be off, or the Yankees will be upon us before we know it."

General Hooker is now with his friend Dr. Nichols, at the United States Insane Asylum Hospital, near Washington. His wound is not considered dangerous.

Breaking up of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal.

The line of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal for the distance of twelve miles, presents a scene of desolation which sufficiently attests the malignity of the rebels.

The canal was tapped in five places, several floodgates were torn to pieces, large boulders were dislodged and rolled into the basin, and an attempt was made to blow up the beautiful aqueduct at Monocacy.

From 20 to 25 miles of the canal are for the present rendered useless. The railroad, telegraph, private property and growing crops were also desolated.

The War in Kentucky.

Reliable advices from Louisville of the 21st inst., from Cave City, say that a portion of General Buell's force attacked and repulsed Bragg's rebel rear guard from Horse Cave, on Thursday evening; upon learning which, Bragg is reported to have moved his main body across the river Southward from Munfordville. No further particulars.

A despatch from Lagrange says, to-day, Geo. Jessee, with 200 rebel cavalry, attacked at New Castle, 120 of Robert Morris' Home Guard Cavalry. Morris, without firing a gun, surrendered his men, horses, and three hundred stand of arms. A report, considered doubtful, has just reached us stating that the rebels subsequently burned New Castle.

Shepherdsville advices say that Gen. Granger's command there was to-day attacked by rebel cavalry, who intended to burn the bridge. Granger repulsed them, killing five and taking twenty-eight prisoners.

Six hundred guerrillas attacked Owensborough on the 19th, in two bands. Col. Neller attacked one of the bands, at nine o'clock in the morning, and was slain. Five of our men were wounded.

The rebels lost five killed.

At noon we shelled the rebels, killing three of them, when they retreated.

On the 20th, Lieut. Col. Wood, with 450 of the 1st cavalry, attacked, and after a desperate encounter, routed from Owensborough 800 rebels under Col. Morton, who lost 38 killed and 25 wounded.

The Union loss was three killed and eighteen wounded.

We captured their army stores, provisions and seven prisoners.

Proclamation by the President of the United States.

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy thereof, do hereby proclaim and declare that hereafter, as heretofore, the war will be prosecuted for the object of practically restoring the constitutional relations between the United States, and each of the States, and the people thereof in which States that relation is or may be suspended or disturbed. That it is my purpose upon the next meeting of Congress to again recommend the adoption of a practical measure tendering pecuniary aid to the free acceptance or rejection of all the Slave States so-called, the people whereof may not then be in rebellion against the United States, and which States may then have voluntarily adopted, or thereafter may voluntarily adopt the immediate or gradual abolishment of slavery within their respective limits, and that the effort to colonize persons of African descent, with their consent, upon this Continent or elsewhere, with the previously obtained consent of the government existing there, will be continued.

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons; and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States or parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

That attention is hereby called to an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to make an additional article of war," approved March 13th, 1862, and which act is in the words and figure following:

Be it enacted, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That hereafter the following shall be promulgated as an additional article of war for the government of the army of the United States, and shall be observed as such:

"Article.—All officers or persons in the military or naval service of the United States, are prohibited from employing any of the forces of their respective commands, for the purpose of returning fugitives from service, or labor, who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due, and any officer who shall be found guilty by a Court Martial of violation of this article, shall be dismissed from the service.

Section 2d. *And be it further enacted*, That this Act shall take effect from and after its passage.

Also, to the 9th and 10th Sections of an Act, entitled "An Act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17th, 1862, and which sections are in the words and figures following:—

Section 9th. *And be it further enacted*, That all slaves of persons who shall hereafter be engaged in rebellion against the Government of the United States, or who shall in any way give aid or comfort thereto, and escaping from such persons, and taking refuge within the lines of the army, and all slaves captured from such persons or deserted by them, and coming under the control of the Government of the United States, and all slaves of such persons found in or being within any place occupied by rebel forces, and afterwards occupied by the forces of the United States, shall be deemed captives of war, and shall be forever free of their servitude, and not again held as slaves.

Section 10th. *And be it further enacted*, That no slave escaping into any State, Territory, or the District of Columbia, from any other State, shall be delivered up or in any way impeded or hindered of his liberty, except for crime or some offence against the laws, unless the person claiming the said fugitive shall first make oath that the person to whom the labor or service of such fugitive is alleged to be due is his lawful owner, and he has not borne arms against the United States in the present rebellion, nor in any way given aid and comfort thereto.

No person engaged in the military or naval service of the United States shall, under any pretence whatsoever, assume to decide on the validity of the claim of any person to the service or labor of any other person, or surrender up any such person to the claimant, on pain of being dismissed from the service. And I do hereby enjoin upon, and order all persons engaged in the military and naval service of the United States, to observe, obey and enforce, within their respective spheres of service, the acts and sections above recited. And the Executive will, in due time, recommend that all citizens of the United States who shall have remained loyal thereto throughout the rebellion, shall, upon the restoration of the Constitutional relation of the United States, and the people, if that relation shall have been suspended or disturbed, be compensated for all losses by acts of these United States, including the loss of slaves.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the City of Washington, this 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

By the President— ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
WM. H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

[Correspondence of the Dollar Newspaper.]

THINGS IN NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, September 22, 1862.

As to the achievements of General McClellan, the people on all hands are abundantly satisfied with and thankful for them—though some of the radical politicians and radical newspapers are making themselves miserable, because the 150,000 rebels, who have been driven out of Maryland, have not likewise been driven into the Potomac. "What can I do for you, Mr. President?" said a well known citizen, on taking leave of Mr. Lincoln at the White House, as he was about to leave for the North the other day. "Try sir, to take the gas out of the New York papers," was the President's reply—and the reply, though in homely phrase, was one full of meaning.

Another Government sale of cotton at auction has been held at the corner of Wall and Front streets, by order of the U. S. Marshal. About one-half of it was sea island, the remainder uplands. The attendance was large, and the bidding spirited. A portion of the sea island brought from 86 to 98 cents per pound. The uplands ranged from 52 to 58 cents per pound. The cotton consisted of the cargoes of steamer Reliance, schooners Uncle Mose, Victoria, Balgory, Agnes and Julia.

A shocking murder was perpetrated in Brooklyn, last week. The facts are as follows: A poor laboring man, named James Rogers, living on Classon avenue, near Bergen street, lost his child yesterday morning, and had a row in accordance with his Irish custom. During the fight a ruffian, named Michael Keenan, came into the house uninvited and Rogers put him out. Later at night, Rogers having occasion to go out, was attacked by Keenan and beaten to death. Rogers leaves a wife and two children. The murderer has been taken into custody.

General McDowell is still a sojourner in this city, a passive but not a disinterested spectator at a distance, of the great events in Maryland, in which circumstances prevent him from taking part. Whether he is sacredly suspended or not, nobody seems to know. Probably he does not know himself.

The whole number of Germans enlisted in the Union army, from this city alone, is said to be about twenty thousand. Recruiting among that class of the community is still actively in progress.

The New York Gas Company has backed down from the position they undertook to assume towards their customers—to make them (the customers) bear the burthen of the Government tax. The public gave them to understand they wouldn't stand it—and so the Company have resolved to "change their base"—sell gas at the usual rates, and bear their proportion of the Government tax.

Fort Lafayette continues to be gradually relieved of its "transient boarders." Scarcely a day passes that some unhappy "suspect" is not released, by authority, and told to go and sin no more—though if he happen to inquire what constituted the "sin," the chances are that he will be told that in times like these it is best to not be too inquisitive.

European travel seems to be on the decline. The Hammonia, for Southampton, Havre, and Hamburg, and the Kangaroo, for Liverpool, to-day, had not more than 200 all told. Miss Hasa Steiner, Miss Sarah Steiner, Ernest Smyth, and Mrs. Emilie Rohr, of Philadelphia, are on board the Hammonia. The Talisman, for Kingston, Jamaica, had twenty-five passengers.

Brigadier General Phelps came passenger from New Orleans, by the steamer Roanoke, arrived here on Friday. He freely expresses the opinion that Louisiana will never be brought back to the Union heart and soul, until Sambo is called into help—and the regret is, he says, that his friend General Butler don't see it.

The damage sustained by the Great Eastern, by the mishap which befel her on entering the Sound, is much more serious than the public suspected. The rent in her hull is said to be eighty feet long and three feet wide. The chances of having her repaired inside of another month are understood to be not very promising.

COTTON.—Sales nominal at about 54c. for middling.

FLOUR.—There is less doing and the market tends downward; sales 7000 bbls. at $5 5 25 for superfine State and $5 75a5 85 for Ohio brands. In Southern flour there is no variation; sales 900 bbls. at $6 10a7 50 for fancy and extra brands. Rye flour firm but dull. Corn meal unchanged and quiet.

GRAIN.—Wheat depressed and easier; sales 140,000 bushels at $1 41 for fair white Michigan, and $1 20 for common red Illinois; Chicago spring sold from $1 09 a 1 15. Corn rules lower; sales 100,000 bushels, at 66c for very prime Western mixed. Rye firm at 80 a 82½ cts. for State. Oats are in small supply and tend upward.

PROVISIONS.—Pork is in request at full prices; mess, $12, and prime $10 25; other descriptions of Provisions remain as yesterday.

SUGAR.—Market firm and supply small; prime New Orleans, 10½c.

The following were the closing prices at 4 P. M., on Monday:

	Off'd.	Ask		Off'd.	Ask.
U.S. 6s, '81 reg	101½	102	Harlem R.,	18	18
U.S. 6s, coup	102½	102	Harlem Pref	45	45¾
U.S. 5s '74 cp	91¼	91¾	Reading R	63¾	64
Demand N's,	113¾	114	Mich. Cent R	74¾	74¾
7-30 Treas. N.	101¾	104¾

THE SAILOR BOY'S GRAVE.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

When I was here three years ago,
This grave was not yet made,
And the fearless boy who sleeps below
About the village played:
I think his mother loved him best
Of all her orphan crew—
And while she worked for all the rest,
She *thought*, poor Jack, of *you!*

He was a boy of live'y parts,
And full of frolic glee;
And merry were the children's hearts
When Jack came home from sea;
But heaven reclaimed the gifts it lent,
And tried his soul with pains—
The dread command on earth was sent,
And fever scorched his veins.

His sun-burnt cheek grew wan and pale,
His bright, black eye grew dim—
He grew too weak his boat to sail
Down the river's brim;
And first, impatiently he said,
"O I wish the wind blew free
Upon my face and round my bed—
O, that I were at sea!"

But soon he felt that never more,
(Though she was not a wreck!) [shore,
That white-sailed ship should leave the
And *he* be on her deck.
He took his mother's hand in his,
And heaved a bitter sigh:
"Mother," said he, "I feel it is
God's will that I should die!

"Remember me to all I loved—
And those were all I knew—
For all to me have kindness proved,
The captain and the crew;
Tell them that faint, and weak, and ill,
And sinking in the grave,
I thought upon my messmates still,
My brothers of the wave!

"And when I'm in the green earth's breast,
Let Henry go to sea,
Because he's stronger than the rest,
And of a spirit free;
That God who stills the roaring wind,
Charge over him shall take—
And the old boatswain will be kind
To Henry, for *my* sake.

"And O! dear mother, when you cry,
(For grieve I know you will,)
Remember there's a God on high
Who sees and pities still;"
And murmur to yourself the word
You taught *me* long ago,
That still by him the wail is heard,
Which none will heed below."

Wild storms had met that vessel's track,
And broke the seas in foam—
Loud winds had roared around, yet Jack
Had sailed in safety home:
But *now* He called, who was his stay
Upon that boisterous tide,
And in his bed, one sunny day,
The little sailor died!

Long, long beside the cottage hearth,
They missed him from his place!
His loud, light laugh—his voice of mirth—
His happy, eager face!
They played marbles at the green,
No game of bat and ball—
For he was gone, who once had been
The spirit of them all:

But round his grave, each Sabbath day,
Silently, hand in hand,
(Thinking how kind he was—how gay,)
His once loved playmates stand.
O, little children, of a race
To whom such time is given,
So part on earth that, face to face,
Ye all may meet in heaven!

THE FARMER.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

REMUNERATION OF LABOR.

An innumerable host of farmers have labored, experimented and written out the various results of their experience in order to aid in "making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before," or, in other words, to double the productiveness of the soil. That this is a desideratum devoutly to be wished for, no one, who has the good of the race at heart, will question; but, after all, there is another question of equal importance to all producers, namely, the absolute necessity of devising "ways and means" by which they can realize for the production of their assiduous toil a small renumeration over and above the *cost* of production. The principles of political economy, not to mention those of justice, require "*value for value*" in the exchange or barter of the productions of human industry. Professor Wayland says:—"Thus if a hundred pounds of fish could be procured by a day's labor, and only twenty-five pounds of venison, men would exchange, not pound for pound, but labor for labor; that is, four pounds of fish for one of venison. The amount of labor expended in the creation of value is commonly denominated its *cost*. * * * I have said above, that *cost* forms the standard by which the degree of exchangable value for long periods is to be estimated. Temporary circumstances may create a variation from this standard, and may for a short time elevate this value above, or depress it below the *cost*. The tendency of exchangable value is always to gravitate towards *cost*."

This, fellow-farmers, is the only correct theory of exchanging the products of human industry. It will not, however, be denied that, practically, the present system of exchange works to an injury as a class of producers. That we are the most incessant toilers, and yet the poorest paid producers on the face of the globe, is an undeniable fact. The mechanic or artisan is much better paid than the farmer, and of this we do not complain, but the merchant, granting Professor Wayland to be right in terming him a "producer," is infinitely better paid, for the *cost* of his "productions" falls infinitely below the value for which he disposes of them in the market. If *cost*, then, is the true standard of exchangable value, we seldom get a return for what we expend in production, and yet we are certainly not undeserving, for we both feed and clothe the world. Now if there be any doubt as to how the various classes of producers are paid, let Judge Hall, in his address to the "Young Men's Mercantile Association of Cincinnati," answer the question. The Judge says: "It will require but little reflection to satisfy us that the resources of this country are controlled chiefly by that class, which, in a peculiar phraseology, we term the business community—embracing all those who are engaged in the great occupation of buying and selling, exchanging, importing and exporting merchandise, and including the banker, the broker, and the underwriter. Commerce is limited only by the boundaries of civilized intercourse. It employs the highest energies of the human intellect, and is seen in the most magnificent displays of wealth and power. The vast navies that circumnavigate the globe are hers; great cities acknowledge her sway; her merchants are princes, the revenues of great and mighty nations are under her control. She is the arbitress of war and peace." This class of the community Judge Hall denominates the "business community," and this term, as the most concise form of describing the several members of the class, will be used in this discussion.

The "business community," then, exhibits "the most magnificent displays of wealth and power" according to Judge Hall. Is this mere braggadocio, or is it sober reality? Let the toiling millions of producers, who foot all the extravagant bills of this "business community," answer these questions each for himself, and if he thinks there is no demand for a thoroughly reformed system of exchange it must be because he has worn the galling chains of servitude until he has lost the dignity of a freeman.

A few suggestions hereafter as to the mode and measure of redress.

A FARMER.

Rock Island Co., Ill.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

THE PEAR.

The usual manner of getting pear stocks, where you cannot buy them, is by sowing the seed in rows two or three feet apart, and eighteen or twenty inches asunder. Pull up the small unhealthy plants and throw them away. If your seeds come up and do well they will want budding or grafting when they are two years old; when they are four, set them where they will permanently stand. Sometimes the quince stock is used instead of the pear where early crops of fruit are desirable, although not as plenty as pear standards usually produce. If the standards are feeble, the scion or bud should be placed nearer the ground than when larger or healthier ones are used. The soil should be rich and rather moist, if possible, in the sunniest spot that the garden affords. Occasionally enrich with well-rotted stable manure. Leaves and all vegetable manures are good for the pear. A slight sprinkling of ashes is an excellent preventative against insects of all kinds.

PRUNING, &c.—If your trees grow one-sided, trim the deficient side and they will soon grow more even. When cultivated in the pyramid or conical form the trees should be allowed to regulate their own form as nearly as possible. When trained against walls they need more care, both in summer and winter, than when trained in the open ground. In summer, pinching off all the shoots that do not grow in the right position against the wall, and in winter cutting away all the short laterals, close to the branch upon which they grow, that do not go to form the head of the tree in the shape you wish it to grow. When pear trees, by reason of their age or an ill condition of their wood become unproductive, cut them down to within two or three feet of the base of the tree, and train up some new shoots which have come up from the roots or trunks; or cut off all the perpendicular branches, leaving only some lateral ones, in which insert some grafts. There are numerous varieties of the pear.

THE BARTLETT.—It can be grown almost anywhere. It is of rather irregular shape; color, yellowish; flesh white, very delicate, sweet, rich, and finely flavored. It is productive and hardy; ripens in October. It keeps well, and is about as good a variety as can be found.

THE MADELEIN is somewhat smaller than the Bartlett, of a pale color, with a slight blush; form rather tapering; flesh juicy and tender; hardy and a good bearer.

BEURR BOSE is of large size, light brown or cinnamon color; the flesh is tender and of delicious richness; ripens in October or November; not extra productive.

GOLDEN BEURRE OF BALBOA.—Ripens in October, is very fruitful, has a pleasant flavor, color light yellow with russet dots; is of medium size. A very good kind.

BLOODGOOD.—Ripens in August, is of large size, dullish yellow, sometimes spotted, is a good bearer, has an exquisite flavor.

MUSCADINE.—An excellent sort; color green, with a yellow tinge; shape round, or nearly so; flesh has a rich oily taste, with a somewhat musky flavor.

FLEMISH BEAUTY.—Of large size and a yellowish brown color; flesh tinged with yellow; has a musky taste, but is sweet, juicy and pleasant.

SECKEL.—Color variable, occasionally yellow, with a flush on one side; sometimes a brownish shade, without any red. The flesh is exceedingly well flavored. It ripens in October, sometimes earlier.

DEARBORN SEEDLING.—Small in size; of pleasant flavor, sweet and rich; of light color, dotted with dark yellow or russet; very productive; ripens early, from the middle to the last of August.

SUMMER FRANK REEL.—Hardy and productive; color light yellow, with spots of a greenish brown color; flesh rich, juicy, and tender; sweet and of superior flavor; ripens in September or October.

There are other varieties, but it would take too much room to enumerate them all. Here are a few: Frederick of Wurtemburg, Belle, Lucrative, Marie Louise, Belle et Bonne, Vergoulouse, St. Germain, Passe Colmar, Bleeker's Meadow, principally fall and winter varieties. Some of the summer or early sort are these, Jargonelle, Beurre d'Amanlis, Rousselet de Rhoims, and the Stevens Genesee. E. L. G.

Fairfield, Vt., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

NUTRITION.

Agriculture is at the same time a science and an art. The *how* and the *why* of every operation constitute the *science* of it; the *skill* to do it is the *art* in agriculture as everywhere else.

The farmer sows wheat after wheat and fails to raise a crop, or he sows upon some particular field and is abundantly rewarded while, perhaps on a neighboring field he met with failure. Hence we conclude that there are certain *conditions essential to nutrition*.

How are we to ascertain what are these conditions? Upon what does nutrition depend? There are certain constituent parts entering into each variety of grain. The plant, having its growth from the ground, should be furnished from the soil with all these constituents; and it is by an examination of the plant itself that we ascertain its component parts, and not of the *grain* alone, but also of the stalk, the leaf and the chaff.

If we give our attention to a chemical investigation of the different organs of a plant, we will find every particle of wood fibre, every tissue, surrounded by a juice containing matter highly azotized; while cells formed of a substance containing nitrogen, enclose the starch, granules and sugar. In short, everywhere, in all the juices of the stem, of the flower, of the fruit, we find a substance deatitute of nitrogen accompanied by another containing it. The stem-wood cannot be formed, as wood, in the leaves; but a substance is there produced which is capable of producing woody fibre. This substance must be in a state of solution, and must, as an essential condition, carry nitrogen in some of its compounds. In buds and young leaves we find salts with alkaline bases; the azotized constituents are invariably attended by salts of phosphoric acid. These are certainly necessary to the plant or they would not be found. In the absence of certain constituents of the soil, the compounds of plants containing nitrogen and sulphur could not be formed; and in the absence of such compounds and alkaline bases, carbonic acid could not be taken up and decomposed. Consequently the assimilation of the substances generated in the leaves will depend upon the quantity of nitrogen contained in the food of the plant. We see the want of nitrogen to aid in this assimilation of substances destitute of it in the exudation of gums, &c., as excrement, from the bark, leaves, branches and roots.

The human system furnishes our analogy in the process of digestion. By respiration, perspiration, and so on, there is a *loss* sustained, and this loss must be compensated by a supply of food to the digestive organs; and it is necessary that this supply of food contain nitrogenized and unnitrogenized food in definite proportions; also food containing certain mineral substances, to effect the transformation of all food-substance into blood.

If nitrogen food predominates, it will pass unassimilated and unchanged though the system, or it will enter into the fatty formations. Potatoes, with hay alone, will hardly support the strength of a horse, passing unassimilated in unchanged granules of starch; but with bread and oats they are a strong and wholesome fodder. From the preceding considerations, it will be evident that the products of a plant, and even the body of the plant itself, may vary exceedingly according as you vary the substances given it as food. A superabundance of carbon in the stall, of carbonic acid supplied by the roots of plants, unaccompanied by nitrogen, cannot be converted into gluten, albumen, or woody fibre; but it will be excreted as sugar, wax, rosin, or gum, will be deposited in the form of the above, and other excrements, in the wide cells and vessels of the plant. Hence the necessity of proper food being given to plants, that they may bring forth their proper fruits. And this opens up the subject of manures, of which at another time. P.

Hazel Green, Wis, 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

GEESE.

Geese, being the most profitable fowl raised, deserves more attention from the farmer. They are the most profitable, in the first place, because they can be easily kept from mischief. In the second place, because in summer they live almost entirely on grass. In the third place the nett profit is 25 per cent. more than on other fowls. I will now give the manner in which I raise them. The best time to buy is in December. Let them have all the Indian corn they will eat, and a warm place to stay in cold weather. If convenient, let them have daily access to water, although they will thrive with nothing but snow for drink. They commence laying in March or April. They must be fed till the young are hatched, which will be in one month after they stop laying. A yard twenty feet square should be made to put each goose with its young, as soon as hatched. The yard should have a shelter in one corner to put them at night. The goslings should be fed with Indian meal wet with water or sour milk. The young should be kept in this yard only for a short time each day they may be let out for three to four weeks. The young should not be "picked" till they are nearly as large as the old ones. In the fall fatten the young for market, and keep the old ones to raise more next year. The feathers obtained from one of the old is the same as from one of the young. But if the old were killed they would yield a quarter of a pound more. Five bushels of Indian corn will feed six geese and one gander from December till after they hatch their young, when they will live on grass, and about five bushels of Indian meal is required for their young, which will bring the cost in all to about $10. The feathers taken from the geese will weigh seven pounds, and those taken from the goslings of the six geese and one gander is about forty-two pounds, making fifty pounds, worth fifty cents a pound, $25, and the bodies of the goslings, worth from fifty to sixty-six cents each, would bring about $35, making the receipt for feathers and the bodies of the goslings $50, leaving $40 profit for their care and the cost of pasturage. N. F.

Fairfield, Vt., 1862.

FATTENING SWINE---SEASONABLE.

On every farm there are articles which may be made useful in fattening swine, if taken in season, but which if not so taken will be totally lost. Of these we may mention, summer squashes, summer and autumn apples, and "wind-falls" of late kinds. Later in the season, pumpkins may be used to advantage. September is a good month for fattening swine, the temperature being generally neither too hot nor too cold. The same quantity of food will produce much more pork now than it will in December. Besides, it is much more convenient and every way better to feed out such articles as we have named before cold weather comes and renders them liable to be injured by frost.

Summer squashes, if cooked, will fatten hogs very fast. Many people who have used them for this purpose consider them as profitable a crop for summer and early autumn feeding as can be grown. They are easily raised, and a large yield can be obtained on almost any soil, with a moderate quantity of manure. If the crop is properly managed, the vines will produce a regular supply, for a long time. It is best to take off the squashes when they have reached their full size, but before the outer portion becomes hard. Hogs will seldom eat them raw to much extent, but by steaming or boiling they are made palatable, and by mixing with them while hot some meal or shorts, a dish is formed of which the animals are very fond, and on which they thrive well.

In regard to apples, much has been said of their value as food for animals, especially for fattening swine. Various experiments indicate that when cooked, they are worth nearly or quite as much as potatoes for this purpose. Hogs will eat ripe, palatable apples, raw, in considerable quantities; but they will not eat those which are hard—especially acid ones—to much extent. It is somewhat so with the human family. If we eat apples or pears raw we want them fully ripe, and mellow; but for baking or cooking in other ways, we frequently use those which are not fully ripe Hence apples which are too hard to be fed to swine raw, may be given to them in a cooked state with advantage. It would probably be an object to save in this way many of the winter apples which are now falling from the trees. Most New England farmers are in the practice of cooking potatoes for hogs, and the same apparatus which is used for this purpose will answer for apples and other articles.

Several years ago, the late Payne Wingate, of Hallowell, Maine, made some interesting experiments in regard to the value of apples as compared with potatoes for fattening swine. We have not his report at hand, but have a pretty distinct recollection of its principal points, which are as follows: He took two shotes, in the month of September, and fed them an equal length of time on apples and potatoes, alternately, giving equal quantities of each article in the same period, and weighing the animals at each change of food. The potatoes and apples were boiled, and an equal quantity of meal was mixed with them, stirring it while the mess was hot. After a trial of several weeks, the gain of the pigs was found to be slightly in favor of the apples. The apples were a mixture of sour and sweet—mostly sour—being principally "wind-falls" of winter varieties.

Considerable use may be made of apples for feeding swine, the present autumn, thus saving potatoes which will keep through the winter, and also saving corn which will keep any length of time.

SEED WHEAT.

It is the season for the wheat grower to make up his mind what kind of seed he shall sow, and where he shall obtain it. Whatever the kind, let him not fail first to ascertain the character of its ancestry. Let him not only be sure that the grain is well perfected and of the highest quality, but also that it has a respectable pedigree. It is a well-established fact, that vegetables as well as animals obtain a habit of growth which is often continued through many generations. This fact is appreciated and acted upon by our best farmers. They either select for seed from crop to crop the best grain raised by themselves, or they purchase of those farmers who are most noted for growing the best crops. Other considerations, also, enter into the choice of seed. The climate where it is grown, the soil which produces it, the time of ripening, the liability to injury from insects, and others which the thoughtful farmer will not fail to think of.

Let us urge the farmer to make sure of the best seed he can procure. If the cost should seem an objection, he may save the additional expense by economizing in the quantity sown. This can be done by giving it as near as possible, the best covering to produce quick and heathy germination. Too little care has been used to give the seed a uniform depth of covering. It is a charming sight which a smooth wheat-field affords, when the first blades show themselves of a uniform size and distributed evenly all over the surface. It does good to every passer-by to look at such a field. How much more must it delight the owner and his family. It is a thing of beauty, which, we are told, is a joy forever. What farmer will grudge the time and care needed to do his part towards giving beauty to eye and heart, at the same time that he provides the surest means to obtain a bounty for his pocket?

SALE OF SOUTHDOWN SHEEP.

The twelfth annual sale of Southdown sheep by J. C. Taylor, of Holmdel, N. J., took place, in accordance with the advertisement on the 3d instant. From Hon. John Wentworth, of Chicago, Ill., who was a purchaser at the sale, we learn that the sheep brought prices which, on the whole, must be satisfactory to the breeder. Forty-nine animals, nearly half of them lambs, were sold at an average of $40 per head. Several rams were rented for the season, to be returned on the first of December, at from $25 to $100 each—the latter sum being paid by Peter Lorillard, of New York, for the yearling Young Park Ranger, of which particular mention was made in the notice of Mr. Taylor's flock in our issue of August 9th.

Previous to the sale, Mr. Taylor sold the celebrated ram Reserve, which was not on the advertised list, to a gentleman in California, for $400—a pretty good price, considering that he was in his sixth year and had been highly useful in the improvement of his species on both sides of the Alantic.

Of the animals sold by auction, we learn that eleven went to New York, twelve to Pennsylvania, nine to Illinois, eight to Ohio, five to New Jersey, two to Canada East, one to Connecticut and one to Massachusetts. Those destined for Illinois were all purchased by Hon. John Wentworth, and consisted of the ram lamb No. 24 of the catalogue and eight ewes.

We congratulate Mr. Taylor and the farming community on the success of this sale. It is to be hoped that he will be encouraged to persevere in his career, so well begun, of breeding the best of this valuable class of sheep, and that specimens of his flock, by many "annual sales" yet to come, may be disseminated through the country for the improvement of the breed.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

ORCHARD GRASS.

This grass is decidedly more esteemed with our most successful farmers than any other that has been tried with us, and I can confidently recommend it to those wishing a *permanent* and excellent pasture as good as the best. We usually seed down in February or March, with oats, or, which is better, alone, sowing one bushel per acre. If nicely put in, in a few weeks it has permanent possession, and by first of September will afford splendid grazing; it is necessary to graze it down at least once every year. We usually pasture it four years, then two successive crops of corn, one of wheat or oats, and seed down again. It is better the fourth year than before, by which time it occupies almost every inch of the field, rooting out every weed. It is an early and late grass, bearing constant grazing, and still spreads. Every description of stock greedily devour it and fatten upon it. It grows best on rich and somewhat moist land, but does well on ridge land tolerably fertile. Another great advantage—it preserves land most effectually from washing. Land will not wash, after plowing it up, until the turf effectually decays, which is two years, by which time you may have it in wheat, which will still preserve it. I would not advise you to sow this unless to stand for four years, this being our rotation. On good land we gather an average of fifty bushels of corn, for two years, and from twenty to forty of wheat, in one year, without manure, after this grass. Naturally poor farmers have been made *rich* by this rotation in this county, using all the manure on tobacco fields. E. W.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

FALL PLOWING.

A great deal has been written and said upon the subject of fall plowing. I will give my experience, though it will be too late for any one to derive any benefit from it this year; but some one may get a new idea and lay it up for future use. I practice plowing all my stubble as soon after harvest as possible. I find that my land is ready to work early in the spring, and is easy tended when planted to corn. Last spring I planted a piece of corn on fall plowing, and plowed again in the spring, and right by the side I planted a piece that was not plowed till spring. The fall-plowed land was in much better condition, the corn came up sooner, (both planted the same day,) and fewer weeds came up during the summer. It also stands drouth better, and when I gathered my corn, I found the heaviest yield on the fall-plowed land. This is not the experience of one year alone, but of several years' trial. I think ground has less tendency to bake when plowed in the fall. Neither do mice infest a field as much, and I think it does something towards destroying worms and insects that are injurious to crops, as they are turned up to the weather and very many do not find their way back into the ground; usually there is a dozen or two of birds following the plow. I am always careful not to molest them in any way, and I would not have a man or boy on my premises that would kill them in any manner, for we are indebted to them more than most people are aware of.

December, 1861. J. S. C.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

PLANTING ORCHARDS.

The apple occupies a prominent position among the fruit cultivated in this country, both for home consumption and exportation. Its cooking qualities, and the length of time to which its seasons of usefulness may be prolonged, will secure to it a prominence in the culinary catalogue which no other fruit can obtain. In selecting ground for an orchard, avoid, if possible, a low, wet or flat location. It should be heavily manured and plowed in the fall. It should by all means be sub-soiled before planting, so that the roots will have the benefit of loose earth to a greater depth. Some advise digging the holes three or four feet wide and two feet deep, which are to be filled with rich earth or compost. This will give the trees a rapid growth for a few years, till the roots are obliged to go beyond their narrow limits for nourishment, therefore I think subsoiling the better plan. The trees should be planted at least forty feet apart, so that when they come to maturity they will not crowd one another too much. ALPHA.

Centre County, Pa., 1862.

[Written for the Dollar Newspaper—Philada.]

RECIPES.

VEGETABLES FOR WINTER USE.—TO PRESERVE CORN.—Select from your late corn those stalks whose ears are yet in a milky state, cut and shock as you would other corn, but not in so large a shock. It will become thoroughly dry and can be used at any time. When wet weather sets in, it can be taken from the stalk and secured as other corn.

RADISHES—Can be preserved plump and juicy through the winter, by selecting the nicest and packing with the top downward in a box of chaff or cut straw. They must be packed after the manner of chalk crayons. Then place the box in the garden, and cover with earth enough to keep them from freezing.

THE GUIDE-POST.

TRANSLATED BY BAYARD TAYLOR, FROM THE GERMAN OF JOHN PETER HEBEL.

D'ye know the road to th' bar'le o' flour?
At break o' day let down the bars,
And plow y'r wheat-field hour by hour,
Till sundown—yes, till shade o' stars.

You peg away the livelong day,
Nor look about, nor gape around;
And that's the road to the thrashin' floor,
And into the kitchen I'll be bound.

D'ye know the road where the dollars lay?
Follow the red cents, here and there!
For if a man leaves them, I can guess
He won't find dollars anywhere.

D'ye know the road to Sunday's rest?
Just don't o' week days be afeared:
In field and workshop do y'r best,
And Sunday comes itself, I've heard.

On Saturday it's not far off,
And brings a basketful o'cheer—
A roast, and lots o' garden stuff,
And like as not a jug o' beer

D'ye know the road to poverty?
Turn in at any tavern sign;
Turn in—it's tempting as can be;
There's bran new cards and liquor fine.

In the last tavern there's a sack;
And when the cash y'er pocket quits,
Just hang the wallet on your back,
You vagabond, see how it fits!

D'ye know what road to honor leads?
And good old age? a lovely sight!
By way o' temperance, honest deeds,
And tryin' to do y'r duty right.

And when the road forks any side,
And you're in doubt which one it is,
Stand still, and let your conscience guide;
Thank God, it can't lead you much amiss!

And now the road to church-yard gate
You needn't ask! Go anywhere!
For, whether round about or straight,
All roads at last'll bring you there.

Go, fearin' God, but lovin' more!—
I've tried to be an honest guide—
You'll find the grave has got a door,
And somethin' for you t'other side.

THE REBELLION.

INVASION OF THE NORTH.

Discussion in the Rebel Congress on Invasion

[From the Richmond Whig of the 13th inst.]

House of Representatives.

The House met at 12 o'clock, M.

ONWARD MOVEMENT OF OUR ARMIES

Mr. Hilton, of Florida, from the Committee on Military Affairs, to whom was referred the message of the President communicating the despatches of Gen. Lee relative to the late victories, and the resolution of yesterday in relation to the movement of our armies across the Potomac, reported the following substitute for said resolution:

Resolved, That the thanks of Congress and the country are eminently due and are hereby tendered to General Robert E. Lee and the officers and men under his command for their late brilliant victory, culminating in the signal defeat of the combined forces of the enemy in the two great battles of Manassas.

2 Resolved, That Congress has heard with profound satisfaction of the triumphant crossing of the Potomac by our victorious army, and assured of the wisdom of that masterly movement could repose with entire confidence on the distinguished skill of the Commanding General and the valor of his troops, under favor of the Great Ruler of nations, to achieve new triumphs to relieve oppressed Maryland and advance our standard into the territory of the enemy.

3. Resolved, That the President be requested to transmit a copy of the foregoing resolutions to Gen. Lee and the officers and men under his command.

Mr. Lyons, of Va., moved to strike out that portion of the resolution which refers to the advance of our standard into the enemy's country. He approved the movement of our armies thus far, and thought a resolution of thanks eminently proper; but if it were passed with the words proposed to be stricken out, it would be an invitation from Congress to advance into the enemy's country, and that was a responsibility which, for one, he was not prepared to assume.

Mr. Miles, of South Carolina, said that the whole country had literally rung with the cry for the onward movement; the press had been loud in, he might almost say, denunciations of our officers for not pursuing an aggressive policy. And now that it was commenced, they ought to be some general expression of opinion with the greatest warmth of which we are capable, of our hearty co-operation in pursuing the enemy to his own confines, and with strong arms pluck fortune from the enemy's country. This is but approving of a plan which it will be an honor to carry out, and what he believed was the wish of the people of the country. Let Congress, if needs be, pander to public opinion, if they will so term it; but carry the war into the enemy's country, let them bleed and let them feel the horrors of war. Why then oppose this resolution? Is this just, is this generous to the brave soldiers who are fighting our battles?

Mr. Lyons said that the gentleman from South Carolina has entirely misunderstood him, and unintentionally misrepresented him. He approved of the thanks to General Lee. He approved of the passage of the Potomac into Maryland, but there he must stop in his approbation.

Mr. Miles regretted that he had misrepresented the gentleman, still he must differ with him in his view which he now stated. He did not know what he meant by saying that he was in favor of nothing more than crossing the Potomac, unless he meant to say that he must still carry on the war with the defensive policy. Shall we not retaliate upon an enemy who have outraged all the laws of a civilized community in the prosecution of this war they had overrun our territory, and pursued a course of barbarity unprecedented in the history of warfare; and shall we hesitate when we have the power to retaliate, and inflict upon them the injuries which they inflicted upon us? The gentleman from Virginia was not, he said, prepared at this moment to do anything more than vote thanks. He certainly had not looked at the phraseology of the resolutions. He (Mr. Miles) did not expect the armies to accomplish impossibilities. We will relieve oppressed Maryland, and our victorious armies will march onward into the territory of the foe. "Is," said the speaker, "is it a heart here that will not bound with exultation at the very thought? Shall we undertake the policy and then pause because we might not be able to carry it out? Our Generals are bravely pressing onward, and we ought to back them up in their resolutions. Gentlemen are anxious to make this a test question. I am prepared to meet the issue. Let us, then, give that meaning to the resolution. I am willing to vote for what is in the resolution. That resolution was carefully worded, and the committee had carefully endeavored to avoid anything that might give rise to any debate. I am as averse as any man to have congress to indicate what shall be the conduct of the war. I think it would be most unwise, it would be most impolitic, in the legislative branch of the Government, to attempt to conduct the war. But it is eminently just and proper—it is preeminently our duty as representatives of the people—to indicate what are the wishes and desires of the people, and what is the determination of the people. It is the determination of the people of the Confederate States to retaliate, to free themselves, to drive their oppressors back into their own territory, and let our swords gleam and our banners float over their soil; make them bleed, and strike the dagger to their hearts. We do not propose a war of conquest; but we do propose a war of invasion. I do believe it is the true policy of war to strike wherever you find a weak point, within your own limits or on the soil of the enemy.

Mr. Lyons—Do you believe that we could safely go into the heart of the North?

Mr. Miles—I say promptly, yes! I was told by a General, for whose opinion I know the gentleman from Virginia has a high regard, that give Jackson one half of our present army, and although there were six hundred thousand men in the field, he would drive them all before him. I believe now is the time to strike the blow. The regular armies of McClellan and Pope are unable to make one-fifth the number they ought to be. I did not intend, Mr. Speaker, thus to trespass on the House, but after what our armies have accomplished, and with their success before me, I could not allow the amendment of the gentleman from Virginia to pass without making my protest against it. If the House is induced to strike out the words indicated, it will create, with the public and the country, the erroneous idea that Congress does not favor what I believe the country desires, an aggressive policy.

Mr. Conrad, of Louisiana, had hoped that the cry of "popular sentiment" would never be brought into this House. He hoped that no one representing popular sentiment would undertake to carry on the war.

Mr. Moore, of Kentucky—Does the gentleman expect to carry on this war against popular sentiment? [Laughter.]

Mr. Conrad—No, but if we allow politicians and gentlemen on this floor to carry on this war, defeat and disaster will inevitably overtake us. I do hope that popular clamor will not find its way into this hall. I know the gentleman from South Carolina (Mr. Miles) acted very bravely at the battle of Manassas; but I am glad no General on this floor can go out and command the army.

Mr. Miles—We do not undertake to legislate as to the *conduct* of the war—the *policy* is a very different matter. The conduct of the war belongs to the Generals, while the policy belongs to the statesmen. I do not want a General to tell me what the object of a war is—the policy is the purpose of the war.

Mr. Conrad said he congratulated himself that the gentleman was not in command of Gen. Jackson's army. This body was not fit to carry on war, or to conduct a revolution, and why undertake it? He believed the opinion of the public and the whole community at large would support him in it.

Mr. Foote.—The gentleman has expressed great contempt for public opinion, and he should not quote it.—[Great laughter.]

Mr. Conrad.—I think if we are going to undertake to conduct this war, we had better go into the battle with the crowd.

Mr. Ayer, South Carolina—I simply desire to say that this House will but express the popular desire in reference to the conduct of the war by the passage of the resolution. Having expressed that desire, they will leave the rest to the discretion of the War Department and to the Generals in command. It is the desire of the people that the war should be carried into the enemy's country. Mirabeau, the French philosopher, said that the only way to conduct a successful revolution was "to dare, to dare again, and still to dare!" and I wish this army, this people of ours, the Executive, "to care, to dare again, and still to care," and dare at once. We have tried the opposite policy long; it has been partially successful. But now is the time to make the enemy suffer—to make them bleed and feel the iron heel of war. I believe we can do it—at least, I am willing to make the experiment. We have battled long on our own territory, and now is the time to cease, and I speak the sentiment of at least my own constituents when I say go into the enemy's country.

"Go with banner, brand and bow,
As foeman meets his mortal foe."

Mr. Foote called the question on Mr. Lyons' motion to strike out the words "advance our banners into the enemy's country."

The question was ordered, and the yeas and nays being called, resulted as follows:

Yeas—Messrs. Arrington, Ashe, Atkins, Barksdale, Bridgers, Conrad, Conrow, Currin, Curry, Davidson, Depre, Farrow, Garland, Gentry, Hanly, Johnson, Jones, Kenan of Geo., Lyons, Machen, McDowell, McLean, Read, Royston, Smith of Alabama, Smith of North Carolina, Swann, Villiere, and Mr. Speaker—29.

Nays—Messrs. Ayer, Batson, Bell, Bennam, Boteler, Borck, Breckinridge, H. W. Bruce, E. M. Bruce, Chambliss, Chrisman, Clapp, Clark, Clopton, Collier, Cook, Crockett, Dargan, Davis, Dawkins, De Jarnett, Elliott, Ewing, Gartrell, Goode, Graham, Gray, Harris, Hartridge, Heiskell, Herbert, Hilton, Hodge, Holcomb, Holt, Kenan of North Carolina, Kenner, Lander, Lyon, Marshall, McQueen, Menees, Miles, Moore, Munnerlynn, Perkins, Preston, Pugh, Russell, Sexton, Strickland, Tibbs, Trippe, Vest, Welch, Wilcox, Wright of Georgia, Wright of Texas, and Wright of Tennessee—62.

So the motion was lost.

Mr. Smith, of Alabama said that he took the floor with great reluctance; but as he would be compelled to vote against the resolution in its present form, he must enter the protest of disapprobation against this policy. It is said that the policy ought to have been changed before, that the people are clamorous. The opinion of the people is not always wise; the voice of the people is not always the right voice; the people are very often wrong. If he was informed by every man in the State of Alabama that the onward policy was the right policy, he would tell him that he was wrong, and he would take consequences of telling him that. The gentleman from South Carolina would make out that the people had forced an unwilling administration to adopt this policy, and that the President of the Confederate States was opposed to it. Now, is it wise that a man who has rendered himself illustrious as a military leader as well as a civilian, should be hastened forward and made to yield to popular clamor? Our troops have already achieved great victories, and the success of our arms has been marked by triumphs unparalleled in the history of nations. Yet the House was told by the gentleman from South Carolina that it must back up the resolution of the administration. It is a question yet as to whether we shall be able to hold Maryland. We have never been invited to enter Maryland, and we do not know how we shall be received. When our armies entered Kentucky, where we had been invited to go, we had to meet Kentuckians steel to steel and knee to knee, and we were driven out by Kentuckians. The ill-fated move lost us Nashville, and led to a series of other disasters until the great Valley of the Mississippi was lost. It was an old saying that "those whom the Gods would destroy they first made mad." The people go mad twice a year where they have anything to go mad out. No war of invasion had ever been successful, except it was for the purpose of colonizing the country which they invaded. If the policy was continued, we might look for the second day which tried men's souls.

Mr. Hodge, of Kentucky, stated the position of Kentucky at the time the Confederate army entered and took possession of Columbus. The State had attempted to preserve neutrality; the Northern men with a determination to break it when they got the opportunity; the Southern men preserving it as their only hope, their only alternative between having their country devastated, or waiting till the Northern Government violated the neutrality, and gave the Southern army an opportunity to come in with a semblance of right. And it was with feelings of sad and fearful forbodings that they heard that the Confederates had violated this neutrality by occupying Columbus. Mr. Hodge went on to describe in the most eloquent language the passage of the Kentucky troops from the soil of Kentucky when they knew that their State was about to be turned into an *acedama*, a field of blood. He called attention to the fact that President Davis and Sidney Johnston and John O. Breckinridge, the first men of the nation, were from the State of Kentucky. He said that every battle-field, particularly Shiloh and Baton Rouge, were white with the bones of Kentucky's dead.

Mr. Machen, of Kentucky, said that renegade Tennesseans and treacherous Kentuckians had forced the State under the United States flag before the Confederate forces had occupied Columbus.

Messrs. Wright, of Tennessee, and Breckinridge, of Kentucky, also stated substantially the same facts as above written.

Mr. Foote spoke in answer to Mr. Smith, of Alabama, and briefly sketched its history to support the invasive policy. The voice of the people is the voice of God, and should be listened to.

Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, said it was not the duty of this body to determine the plan of this campaign. But it must be left to the President and our Generals.

Mr. Heiskell called the previous question.

The yeas and nays were called on the passage of the second resolution. Passed—yeas 83, nays 15.

Mr. Jones moved to amend the title of the bill so as to read as follows: Resolution indicating the policy of the war and Congressional order number one. The motion was lost.

Mr. Gentry, of Tennessee, spoke in opposition to the resolution.

The resolution was passed—yeas 56, nays 12.

GENERAL STEVENS' LAST BATTLE.

The following extract from a private letter of Capt. Wm. T. Lush, a meritorious officer who was Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Major General Stevens, gives interesting details of the manner of his General's death. It was written immediately after the battle of Chantilly, in which General Stevens was killed.

"Whenever anything desperate was to be performed Kearney and Stevens were always selected—with this difference, though—that Stevens was rarely credited with what he did, while Kearney's gallant deeds were very properly published. On Monday's fight the General, his son and I were walking together in the rear of the Seventy-ninth regiment, when Capt. Stevens was wounded. Finding that he was able to move without assistance, I continued to follow the regiment. Soon the General came up on foot. 'Have you seen your son?' I asked. 'Yes,' said he, 'I know that he is wounded,' and then added: 'Captain Lush I wish you would pass to the left of the line and push the men forward in that direction.' I did as I was ordered, and on my return found that the General had been killed and the troops badly slaughtered.

"The General, you have read, was shot while holding the flag of the 79th regiment in his hand. There were five men shot holding the same flag in about twenty minutes' time. I found the sixth man standing alone at the edge of some woods, still clinging hopelessly to the colors. I drew him back to the crest of a hill, a couple of hundred yards, and gathered a few of the 79th about it. Kearney then came riding up and asked the name of the little band. On being told, he said, 'Scotchmen you must follow me.' They told him they had not a round of ammunition left. 'Well,' said he, 'then stand where you are, and it may be you will be able to assist my men with the bayonet.' The soldierly form moved on, and it, too, soon was dust. Stevens was a great man, and Kearney a courageous soldier."

MISCELLANEOUS.

SHOEBLACKING AN ELEPHANT.

"I don't understand what makes your animals look so bright," said Casper one day to one of the keepers.

"Come here to-morrow morning early, when we make their toilets, and you'll see," replied the man laughing. "Why,